HENRY
THE
THIRD
OF
FRANCE,
Stabb'd by a
FRYER:
WITH THE
Fall of the GUISE.

A TRAGEDY.

Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL.

By *THOMAS SHIPMAN* Esquire.

Licensed, *Octob.* 16. 1678. *ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

——*Rege incolumi Mens omnibus una.*
Virg. Georg.

LONDON, Printed by *B. G.* for *Sam. Heyrick* at *Grayes-Inn*-Gate in *Holborn*, 1678.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY

Lord Marqueſs of *Dorcheſter*, Earl of *Kingſtone*, Viſcount *Newark*, Lord *Pierrepont* and *Manvers*, and one of the Lords of his Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Counſel, *&c.*

My Lord,

WIſdome is attain'd by an exact diſquiſition after Truth: which ſeem'd once ſo difficult an attempt, that in Greece *(the then knowing part of the World) ſeven only were accounted to deſerve the name of Wiſe. Such commendable reſearches gain'd 'em that præ-eminence; and this made them preſcribe to the reſt of Mankind. They declar'd Truth (like precious Oar) bury'd in a Pit, not to be got thence, but by a long deduction of Reaſon; nor this Reaſon perfected without Study and Learning. Now Learning is only the cultivating of Parts and Wit, 'till we arrive at a thorough improvement of thoughts upon things and Men.*

My Lord, all this being conſider'd, who can lay a juſter claim to this Jewel, than your Lordſhip? Whoſe mind, being animated by generous ſpirits, always addreſſes it ſelf unto noble ends? Your inward ſight (ſharper than that of Eagles) can gaze upon the ſplendour where Truth ſits thron'd, and diſcern all the fineſſes of Policy and Prudence. A bleſſing not to be attain'd without a ſagacity able to pierce into the deepeſt reſorts of Nature, and to extricate hidden forms from the Wombs of their Cauſes. But theſe Perfections (like th' Elixir of the Philoſophers) are impoſſible, or very difficult to be obtain'd, without ſuch a proſperous ſucceſs as your Lordſhips, that has run through the round of all Sciences, with a perſpicacity even to admiration. You, my Lord, (like the Eye of the World) have not only viſited, but inlighten'd each Orb in the Heaven of Learning.

And thoſe who hence forward ſhall pretend to knowledge muſt owe it to your Influence. Wherever you paſt, you left ſuch tracks of light, as may direct the inquiſitive World into the moſt private receſſes of knowledge.

Beſides, 'tis as wonderful how your Lordſhip could arrive to this height, to theſe miraculous improvements! How could you break through thoſe intangling blandiſhments of Fortune? Thoſe cumberſome imployments of Honour and State? Thoſe tedionſneſſes of Addreſs, that wait on and add to the tumults of Grandeur? For Great men (as th' incomparable Verulam *obſerves) have little freedome either in their times, their actions, or themſelves. Inſomuch, as præ-eminence would afford no Attraits, nor any pretences authorize the thirſtings after Greatneſs, unleſs a power to do good. By ſuch revelations of your merits and vertue, you have added luſtre to your* Coronet, *and ennobled even* Nobility *it ſelf. Vulgar Fame applauds Majeſty in ſuch choices and that* common-ſtream *runs here into the* Fountain of Honour.

If our Age had been unfortunate in wanting you, as that of the Romans had been happy in injoying you, Cicero *might have ſpar'd his expectation (as he ſmartly worded it to* Cæſar) Quæ miremur habemus, quæ laudemus expectamus. *In our late Deluge of Ignorance and Rebellion, you ſtood up like one of* Seth's Pillars, *and preſerv'd Letters and Loyalty to this happy Age. You were toſt indeed, but not diſcompos'd with the humorous ſucceſſes of Fortune. You ſteer'd your Reſolutions, and kept a ſteady ſoul amidſt thoſe ſtorms that ſhipwrackt three Kingdomes. In that fatal* 41th. *when thoſe falſe* Repreſentatives of our Liberties *(like Robbers) pretended to direct us into the right way, and then intrapt us into ſtreights, to cut our Purſes and our Throats: when by a horrid Conſpiracy (like that of* Corah) *they rebell'd both againſt* Moſes *and* Aaron; *when (like the ingrateful* Hebrews) *they wanton'd after* impure Loves, *and worſhipt falſe* Gods *of their own making; Then you, my Lord, indeavour'd with all your might to reſcue us from inhumanity and rapine, and divert Judgments from the People, like* Cicero *in the Conſpiracy of* Catiline; *(and with equal* Eloquence) *you labour'd to ſave both* Capitol and Common-wealth *from ruin. In teſtimony whereof, thoſe two incomparable Speeches of your Lordſhips, to the* Houſe of Peers, *in Defence of the Hierarchy, will be recorded in the Temple of Fame, till Time ſhall be no more.*

Nor is this all, for tho theſe great Truths muſt eternize your Name, and advantage the next Age with glorious examples; yet to come nearer

home,

home, my Lord, the preſent time is as much oblig'd. Your Hoſpitality *and* way of living *is ſuch, as may inſtruct thoſe of your Lordſhips rank to reſtore and uphold their ancient int'reſt and grandeur, too much and too long neglected. Here is Plenty without Luxury and Intemperance, Greatneſs without Noiſe and Diſorder: Entertainments are here beſtowed both upon Mind and Body, and 'tis doubtful to which our Repaſts are moſt oblig'd.*

But I'm fall'n upon a Panegyrick, *where I intended a* Dedication; *and in both alike preſumptuous; yet it may be the more excuſable in that I have ſacrific'd to Duty and Truth, in acknowledging your Lordſhips favours and my great obligations, and in yielding a Teſtimony to the merits of ſo eminent a Perſon. And after my Reader is confirm'd of all theſe great qualities, and hears how your Lordſhips pleas'd to countenance this* Tragædy; *I need not fear his acceptation. You, my Lord, alone are a ſufficient* Theater, *and your ſingle praiſe more to be valu'd than the loudeſt* Plaudite. *I humbly beg, that your Lordſhip will vouchſafe to pardon all its falours, and accept of that devotion, wherewith I offer it, which will be an infinite honour to,*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble

and moſt Devoted Servant.

Auguſt 30th. 1678.

Tho. Shipman.

TO

TO

ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Esq;

SIR,

SInce this *Tragedy* has gain'd your approbation; I ought to shew the care I took in't. I alter'd not the *Story*, nor made the *Guises* speak, or act worse than really they did. I branded not that *damn'd League* with such characters as I might have done, and they deserv'd. I fited the *Parts* to the *Persons*, and kept 'em as like themselves as the *Story* would let me. I made both the *Kings Amorous*, *Generous and Valiant*, and so indeed they were; and endeavour'd they should not suffer upon a particular *Stage*, when they had triumpht upon that of the World. If *Grillon* seem'd overbold and rough sometimes in some places, I do but keep my self to that character which *Mounsieur Girard*, and *D' Avila* (with others) have bestow'd upon him. Nay his frequent *Oath* of *Death* was not my fancy neither; For there's a *Story* in the Life of *Espernon*, enough to justifie me, and fright our *Gallants* from that profane humour. As for the rest, it was my aim they should not speak above themselves, and I suited (as well as I could) their *Parts* to their *Callings*. Yet after all this, I am not ignorant that I lie open to the *Critick's* in transferring the main *Scene* from *Blois* to St. *Clou*. But had I confin'd the *Story* to either of those Places alone, the death of the *King* or *Guise* might have been left out contrary to my original design. After all this, Sir, I crave leave to reflect a little, upon the very *Rhime* it self.

Espernon's Life, Book 4. p. 190.

All

All Subjects of weight, or such as most int'rest the Passions, ought (as I take it) to be expresst with a gravity and in few words. Thus the *Greek and Latine Tragedians*, nay and *Philosophers* too, accustomed themselves to short Periods. But their *Measures* necessarily being inconstant, therefore to make 'em suitable to several occasions, *Æschilus*, and next after him *Sophocles*, when they brought the *Stage* to represent the *Story* more naturally, by introducing *Actors and Scenes*, they bethought themselves of a reformation, and dispos'd their Speeches into lines of more certain *Measures* to make them more grateful to the *Audience*. Let any man suppose a *representation* of some considerable length, to be perform'd in short sentences, and of unequal cadences, one cannot fancy any thing to be more wearisome. But when it runs in equal *Measures*, neither so at length to stretch the sinews of *Discourse* and Fancy, as upon a Rack, nor so short as to cramp 'em; but sizable both to the speaker and hearer, it must needs advance the satisfaction of both Parties, together with the reputation of the Poet. The *Greek* then and the *Latine Tragedians* (for I have nothing to say to those of *France* and *Italy*) mostly wrote in measur'd Verse. For *Rhime* never reacht them, 'till in a barbarous Monkish Age, which became soon weary of it, as unnatural to the Ideom, and destructive of their native Elegance. But, from the earli'st dawnings of knowledge, our Bards and Druids had their *Genealogies* and *Songs of Victory* in *Rhime*, as not only natural, but quickning the spirit of their Language; and we have continu'd it with competent success. For I refer it to a-

ny

ny ingenious rational perſon, that can write or Judge, what briskneſs is infuſed into any fit Subject by a well ordered and an unforc'd *Rhime*. It is true, that one mans *Proſe* exceeds another mans *Verſe*; but ſuppoſe both thoſe *Talents* to be equal in one and the ſame perſon, I dare ſay his *Verſe*, as to ſweetneſs and charms, will be much more agreeable than his *Proſe*. *I* ſpeak all this as to the content of the *Ear and Fancy* upon the *Stage*. I am not to anſwer here for bald *Rhimes*, that ſerve only to make bad ſenſe worſe, I ſpeak of eaſie ſmooth *Rhime* in *Verſe*, ſuch as exalts *Senſe* and makes it *Rapture*, nay *I*'m perſwaded *Oratory* as well as *Poetry*, has a greater force upon our affections, when the periods contain a certain *Meaſure*, or at leaſt when two or three of the cloſes have ſome affinity of ſound. *I* never had it try'd (but may be 'tis worth the while to do it) whether thoſe *Orators* that moſt pleaſe, make it not their Care to come off with a grateful Harmony in the Cloſe. Theſe are the Charms like thoſe of *natural Magick*, that work unknown either to the *Speaker* or *Hearer*, yet gain far more attention to one man than to another. This is only to offer at ſome proof that a *Paper of verſes* in *Rhime*, where the *Conceit is new*, the *humour Surprizing*, and the *Penning Elegant*, muſt needs take more in the repetition then any ſtudied *Proſe*. And a *Speech* on the *Stage* (be its Concerns what it will) muſt be far more harmonious and pleaſing in *Rhime*, and more congenial to the *Soul*. *Miltons Paradice* is a work noble, ſtrong and fanciful, but had his humour of contradiction ſoften'd it into his own ſweet *Rhime*, what a

Poem

Poem had it been! but *I* dare not venture further upon this *Subject*, since that learn'd and facetious Gentleman, Mr. *Rymer*, has promis'd the undertaking, from whose curious and able hand *I* expect it with the impatience of a longing Woman, and indeed *I*'m abundantly pleas'd to find my *perswasions* strengthen'd by so Potent an *Ally*.

Tragedies of this Age, pag. 143.

And the more, when *I* hear some are *Fugitives* to their own *perswasions*, but *inconstancy* being the *Running* gout of the Soul, and *natural* to some persons both in their thinking and *writing*, *I* shall not say more of 'em, but that 'tis torment enough to groan out their remaining years in a helpless *distemper*. And now, Sir, *I* intend your ease in dismissing this Subject, which *I* assure you was impos'd on me first in discourse, and then *I* was desired to set it down at a venture: what ever it be *I* shall rather leave it to your better judgement, than pretend to dispute it, altho without all controversie, *I* am

SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

Thomas Shipman.

***

PRO-

THE

PROLOGUE

Intended, and Part ſpoken by Mr. *Hart*.

YOu 're not t' expect to day the modiſh ſport,
Affronting either City, or the Court.
Our Poet's mannerly and cautious too,
And neither will abuſe himſelf or you.
Faith both are needleſs; ſince they're done each day,
By you who judge, and he who writes a Play.
The ſacred thirſt for Bayes and Fame is gone,
And Poetry now turns Extortion.
Nay worſe, Stage-Poetry ſeduces more
Than Wine, or Women ever did before.
Gain'd by its Charms, hither the Wits reſort;
The Stage robs both the Pulpit and the Court.
The other Sex too are ſtark rhiming mad,
Ev'n from the Lady to the Chamber Maid.
Nor do theſe Charms in the North Country fail,
But took our Poet both from Hounds and Ale.
His Scenes, ſuch as they are, in France *are laid;*
Where you may ſee the ancient Engliſh *Trade;*
Either in beating France, *or giving aid.*
Such vertue reign'd then in our Smiles or frowns,
Thoſe did defend, as theſe could conquer Crowns.
Theſe Miracles were in Eliza's *reign*
Whoſe left hand France *and* Holland *did ſuſtain,*
And whoſe right hand both baffled Rome *and* Spain.
Whilſt England *only could the World ſubdue;*
Nay found a new one out, and reign'd there too;
Judge then what now Great Britanny *may do!*

Since

PROLOGUE.

Since now her Helm a greater Prince does guide;
Who has th' advantage of his Sex beſide.
Tho here our Poet rather would make known
His country's reputation, than his own:
Yet he may chance by Criticks to be hiſt,
As he intrencht upon the Caſuiſt.
But he no Controverſies ſets on foot;
And thinks 't were better if none elſe would do't.
Nor tells you which Religion he is on;
May be (like ſome of you) he is of none.
If this prove true— He muſt the Stateſman move:
Then for the Ladies he has Scenes of Love.
And here, Gallants are fighting Scenes for you:
Nay here is Huffing for you Hectors too.
What the Pox, Gentlemen, would you have more?
Y'are cloy'd ſure with the Atheiſt and the Whore.

ERRATA.

IN pag. 2. line 33. read *boſome*. p. 10. l. 6. *that belongs*. p. 11. l. 32. dele *our*. p. 17. l. 8. *Sir*. l. 15. *reſpects*. l. 23. *let us*. l. 26. *Spirits*. p. 23. l. 14. *he*. p. 24. l. 34. dele *to*. p. 28. l. 16. *you'l love*. p. 30. l. 29. *ſpeak*. p. 36. l. 30. *do more*. p. 38. l. 13. *make*. p. 48. l. 7. *in this*. p. 49. l. 24. *can fix a*. l. 25. *inflam'd Gellies*. p. 50. l. 9. *diſeaſe*. p. 55. l. 4. *has*. p. 60. l. 28. r. *publick act*. p. 66. l. 15. *two*. p. 68. l. 6. *nor ever*. p. 69. l. 24. *deſcants*, l. 34. *by th' Guards*. p. 65. l. 2. *Thouſands of Souls*. Epilog. l. 4. dele *own*.

Per-

The Persons Re-presented.

HEnry *the Third King of* France, *Loves* Chateauneuf *and* Gab.
Henry *King of* Navar, *Loves* Gabriel.
Henry *Duke of of* Guise, *Loves* Gabriel.
Francis *Cardinal of* Guise.
Grillon, *Collonel of the Guards*, *Loves* Gabriel.
Guesle *Proctor General.*
Revol *Secretary of State.*
Plessis *Secretary to* Navar.
Pericart *Secretary to* Guise.
Larchant *Captain of the Guards.*
Commolet *a Jesuit.*
Fryer a Conjurer.
Burgoin *Prior of the Jacobines.*
James Clement *a Jacobine Novice.*

Commanders, Souldiers, Spirits, Attendants, Guards, *&c.*

Gabriel de Estree, *Mistress to* Henry *the fourth.*
Chateauneuf, *Mistress to* Henry *the Third.*
Armida *Friend to* Gabriel.
Bonneval *Friend to* Chateauneuf.
Attendants, *&c.*

The Scene, *Blois*, remov'd at th' Fourth Act to the Camp at St. *Clou*, before *Paris.*

Henry

TO THE

Moſt Illuſtrious Prince

JAMES

Duke of *Monmouth* and *Bucklengh* and General of His Majeſties Armies, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and One of His Majeſties moſt honourable Privy Council, *&c.*

WHen *Wars* were rumour'd, or great *Dangers* near,
Mars then was ſought, his *Temples* crowded were.
From *You*, great Sir, and from your *Flaming Blade*,
Our *Eden* boaſts her Glory and her Aid;
Not *Eden* only with your beams you gild;
But like the Sun-ſhine upon ev'ry *Field.*
'Tis duty then our *Lawrels* we ſhould bring
As *Off'rings* to the *Pow'r* that makes them ſpring.
They 'mplore, great Sir, your influence and your aid;
Lawrels themſelves! of *Thunder* not afraid!
Were *Muſes* mortal, *Halters* might 'em fright
From ſpeaking truth, as ſome from acting right.
'Tis vain to fear th' effects of *Jeſuits* rage,
If You, great Sir, vouchſafe your *Patronage.*
What *Gen'ral* e'r began with more renown,
At once to guard the *Myter* and the *Crown*;

Charls is our *Jove*, in's Conduct bleſt we are;
And *Monmouth* is his *Thunderbolt* of War.
Witneſs the *French* at *Maſtricht*, who, with ſhame,
Kindled their Valours at his gen'rous Flame.
You were the ruling *Genius* of the *Field*;
Their empty veins your Spirits only fill'd.
You taught 'em how to Conquer, rais'd their Name,
'Twas You advanc't their Trophies, lent 'em Fame;
Which on a brave Deſign you did beſtow;
That is, to make them fit to be your Foe.
Rais'd by your Acts at higher things they aim;
To follow *Monmouth* is the Road to *Fame*.
Europe, at their ſucceſsful *Arms*, amaz'd
Lookt pale, and all its trembling Princes gaz'd.
On *Brittain's mighty Monarch* fixt their Eyes,
Whoſe greater puiſſance did 'em more ſurprize.
For *Engliſh Conqueſts* ſwiftly'r might advance;
Since *England* more than once had Conquer'd *France*.
But then rememb'ring *Charls* as Juſt, as Great,
His Help, as their laſt refuge, they intreat.
Mons is beſieg'd and ready to be ta'n!
Monmouth being abſent other hopes were vain.
At your approach the *Gallic* flame expires:
Thus does the Sun put out the weaker Fires.
Your very *Name* did weary'd *Mons* releaſe,
Made the *French* fly, and truckle to a Peace;

Swift

Swift as the *Lightning*, and as piercing too!
Jove thus on's *Eagle* at the *Gyants* flew.
The Ancient *Romans* did ſome fear betray
To pinion *Victory*, and force her ſtay:
She like their Conqu'ring *Eagle* courts your *Hand*,
And will kill ſurer by your Conduct mann'd.
What e'r ſhe flies at muſt your Quarry be;
Who can reſiſt *Monmouth* and *Victory*?
The fiery *Mars* is pow'rful in his *Sphear*,
Yet loſes Virtue when concern'd elſewhere;
Our *Mars* a gen'ral influence can afford;
There is his *Sphear*, where e'r he draws his Sword.
In ſuch exploits *Cæſar* was never skill'd,
Firſt to teach *France* to Conquer, then to Yield.
Thus *Æolus*, with his impetuous *Bands*,
Charging the *Lybian Deſarts*, drives the *Sands*
Into a *Mountain*, which his *Trophy* ſtands.
'Till changing ſides, He rallies in the Air
His Troops, and then Commands to ſound to War:
The lofty *Pageant* tumbles to the ground,
And's *Trophy* now is in it's ruines found.

Novemb.
1678.

By your Graces moſt humble
and moſt Devoted Servant.

Thomas Shipman.

Henry the Third
OF
FRANCE.

ACT. I. SCENE I. *The Court at* Blois.

Enter Guiſe, *Cardinal*, Pericart.

Guiſe WHat! ſhall the Providence of our Fate be vain,
In being ſprung fro' th' blood of *Charlemain?*
Shall thoſe rich ſtreams (like *Jordan's* ſilver floud)
Be loſt i'th' dull Sea of *Hugh Capets* blood?
Shall th' Name of *Valois* flouriſh o'r *Lorrain?*
Our Golden Lillies wither with diſdain?
No! tho in azure Field ſo long they ſtood,
I'l drown their ſplendors firſt in fields of blood.
Car. This reſolution's brave, and nobly flies
Unto a pitch, worthy the Name of *Guiſe.*
Nor does our Princely Houſe derive its fame
(As this was all) from *Charlemains* great name:
No, we have other boaſts as juſt and fair;
Since from great *Clovis* we deſcended are.
Clovis! the firſt of all our ancient Kings,
Who made the Roman Eagles droop their wings.
He, who the Monarchy of *Gaul* did found,

And with the ſacred Croſs the Lillies crown'd.
Per. Eleven of 'em, Kings from *Charlemain*;
Of whom five did the Weſtern Empire gain.
Charles of Lorrain; the laſt of that great Race,
Outed by *Capet*, who uſurpt the place.
Car. Yet Heav'n reveng'd our wrongs: as witneſs bear
The Engliſh Lions; who ſo oft did tear
Our Lillies from their ſtems; and did advance
Their Enſigns on our Walls, and conquer'd *France*.
Guiſe. Look but how judgement proſecutes them ſtill!
What *England* once has done, again ſhe will.
That *Britiſh Harpy*, who robs all the gain,
And watches o'r the golden Mines of *Spain*;
Whoſe Canvas wings about the World have flown,
As by that charm ſhe'd circle in her own.
A Virgin! Who her neighb'ring Kings outbraves,
Scorning to match with her intended Slaves.
This Heretick, this Woman, dares combine
Againſt our *League*, and with *Navar* does joyn.
She flatters him; and fools the King t' advance
Her ſwelling hopes, in captivating *France*.
Car. Yet ſee how Heav'n our great deſignments mind
In this rare Providence, juſt now deſign'd.
Th' invincible Armada for us waits,
And domineers now in the *Britiſh Streights*.
To conquer that ſmall Iſland will be more,
Than the new *World* the *Spaniard* gain'd before.
Guiſe. And conquer'd it muſt be. —This Navy vaſt,
Seven dayes ago near unto *Calais* paſt.
When it was firſt preſented to my eyes,
As up the briny Convex it did riſe;
Methought it ſeem'd juſt as the World did peep,
When firſt it roſe fro' th' bottom of the Deep.
The Waves o'r burden'd with the Ships they bore,
Fled from the weight, and panted on the ſhore.
Car. When this *Elizabeth*'s no more a Queen;
Navar has not one hope to ſtep between
Him and his ruin: for when Heav'n's ſo juſt

To make the *Valois* fall, (as fall he muſt)
The *Hollander* dares onely for him ſtand;
And *Porpoiſes* can little do by land.
Per. Since *Orenge* dy'd their baffled Sp'rits retreat;
Whoſe blood did only that crude Body heat.
Thoſe phlegmatick dull States can never own
A ſanguine temper, now his brave One's gone.
But, Sir, his ſudden death may caution you
T' avoid delayes; ſince you are mortal too.
Guiſe. I know it well.
Car. Then, Sir, I needs muſt fear,
Since here our Brother *Mayn* writes how *Navar* [*ſhews a Letter.*
Will be within three leagues of *Blois* to night.
Guiſe. Let him; ſo *Mayn* but keep him in his ſight.
Were he but here, he were as good as ta'ne
'Twixt *Paris* and the Army of *Du Mayn.*
When opportunities are fitted ſo,
Neither in vain to frown, nor make a blow,
I'l charge through light'ning to attaque my Foe.
Has *Pericart* yet humour'd my deſire,
In making tryal of the conj'ring *Fry'r.*
Per. Yes, Sir, and him above reports did find.
Car. Reports to Lies and Miracles are kind.
Guiſe. Deſiſt; for you Philoſophers are all
In your opinions too pragmatical.
How did you find him?
Per. Sir, above the rate
Of Mortals; like the Favourite of *Fate.*
For how can he be leſs? who can controul
The num'rous Spirits, that ſwarm 'twixt either Pole?
None of 'em but will come at his command
More ſwift than Faulcons to a wonted hand.
Leaving the Chryſtal Regions of the Skie,
Like ſhooting Stars, to his deſires they flie.
He, more to gain my credit, did prepare
To ſhow he could command the Prince o'th' Air.
He from the Earth thick Vapours made to riſe,
Which by his Art turn'd Nitre in the Skies;

Then ram'd into a Cloud, he ſtretcht his hand,
Making a Lynſtock of his Magick wand.
The aëry Cannon flam'd at his deſire,
Diſgorging both its thunder and its fire.
Guiſe. 'Tis very ſtrange!
Card. So ſtrange it is, that I—
Think *Pericart* is one that ſcorns to lye,
Yet muſt be ſatisfi'd from my own Eye.
Per. That he has promis'd, Sir. Within a Wood,
A league from *Blois*, where once a Temple ſtood
Of mighty Oaks, roof'd o'r with woven boughs,
Where *Druids* formerly did pay their vows,
He has a Cave: wherein he does relate
His Oracles, and future hints of fate.
This Evening is appointed for the Scene.
Guiſe. Told he what thoſe Nativities did mean?
Per. He'l do his beſt, and if in that he fail,
By ways more ſacred he'l your fates reveal.
He'l wait for you before an hour be paſt.
Car. Then will I meet you there. [*Exit.* Card.
Par. Now, Sir, at laſt;
You'l hear ſome words about your proper fate.
Guiſe. Let's talk of Love-- we've talkt enough of State.
Now *Pericart*, what news from *Orleans*?
Per. My way was ſhorten'd by a happy chance.
Sir, at the Fryers, I Madam *Gabriel* met.
Guiſe. How, Madam *Gabriel*, thrice happy fate!
Per. And with her one of my acquaintance too,
Armida nam'd.
Guiſe. How! Meet your Miſtriſs too?
I hope this good portends.
Per. And ſo hop'd I:
Then did I ſoon my ſelf to them apply;
And told 'em there was none or little choice
Of Lodgings, ſince the great reſort to *Blois*.
But mine they might command; *Gabriel* reply'd,
It was a favour not to be deni'd.
Guiſe. Dear *Pericart*! Altho before poſſeſt,

Thou

Thou haſt a greater ſhare now in my breaſt.
As great as that Uſurper Love will ſpare;
And yet for greater room thou ſtrugleſt there.
Per. My Services cannot deſerve that boaſt,
Since in my Duty they are all ingroſt.
The Fry'r, Sir, her Nativity juſt caſt;
The fate ſhe's born to, he declares is vaſt.
[*Gives a Paper to* Guiſe, *who reads it.*

Your Beauty ſhall gain much renown.
In being deſtin'd for a Crown.
Yet He that ſhall your State advance,
Is not, but muſt be King of France.

Guiſe. If our Deſignments now ſucceſsful be,
This *Fry'r* (for ought I know) may point at me.
Our greateſt dilligence this needs muſt move,
Concern'd in Glory now, as well as Love.
Whilſt we are with the *Fry'r*, direct thy care
To bring her to my Lodgings, when we're there
A farther ſecret I'le to thee impart,
And thou ſhalt ſhare my glory and my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II. *Chamber of Preſence.*

Enter Revol, Gueſrle, Pleſſis, Grillon.

Rev. MY Lords, the King will inſtantly be here.
Gueſ. 'Tis ſtrange the *Guiſes* will not yet appear.
Plej. 'Tis like their Acts. All muſt attend their State.
Gril. May be they'l make the King himſelf to wait.
[*To 'em King*, Larchant, *and Guards.*
King. Larchant, attend without. How are you all?
Rev. We want the Duke, Sir, and the Cardinal.
King. They drove me from the *Louure* th' other day,
And now keep others and themſelves away.
Enter Guiſe, Cardinal.
King. Your ſleeps are long, or elſe your motions ſlow.

Guiſe. We both our duty and neglect, Sir, know.
Car. A ſetled mind, that no vain thoughts o'rcome,
Can ſleep without the aids of *Opium.*
King. A plain and honeſt heart, without diſguiſe,
Is more ſerene than are *Egyptian* ſkies;
Where neither clouds of diſcontent——
Nor ſtorms of paſſion riſe.
Guiſe. For my own part, I publickly declare,——
Paſſion and Intereſt both ſecluded are
From my deſires; which altogether joyn
T' eſtabliſh firm the Laws and Church divine.
Car. There needs not this. It is already done
By the late *League* agre'd on at *Peron.*
Pleſ. 'Tis odd, methinks, into extreams to fly
'Gain'ſt others, 'cauſe they think not ſo as I.
I full as juſtly may my hate declare
To thoſe that differ in their cloaths and hair.
King. The League made at *Peron* is too ſevere;
The *Paris Edicts* too indulgent are.
I'l chooſe the mean, and 'twixt both theſe will run,
Endeavouring (as I can) an Union.
But to the faireſt means I'l have recourſe
And if thoſe will not do, I'l then uſe force.
Guiſe. For ſometime to this tryal we may yield,
But let no Heretick upon it build.
Rev. Tho to the *Romiſh* faith I muſt agree,
Yet I would alſo a true *French-man* be.
Let's lay by all effects of violence,
Let Churchmen only Conſciences convince:
They may perſwade, whom we cannot conſtrain;
As Lyons may be ſtroak'd into a Chain.
Guiſe. Who are thoſe Lyons? I will make them fall,
Or bring a *Bull* from *Rome* t' outroar 'em all.
If you would make 'em truckle to your Laws,
Or knock their teeth out, Sir, or break their claws,
Then let 'em grin their worſt.——
Gril. The Duke of *Guiſe,*
As is his ſpirit, ſo is his advice,

Noble

Noble and fierce. But, Sir, the time's not fit
For War, nor is there cauſe to manage it.
Gueſ. We know *Navar* to be a Soldier born,
Whoſe conduct at *Contras* we yet do mourn.
Guiſe. I ſoon cry'd quit at the Battle of *Arneau*,
Where I the *German* Army did o'rthrow.
Rev. 'Tis very true, that Action was moſt brave:
But ſtrong Confederates *Navar* muſt have.
Pleſ. Sir, he is certain of the *Engliſh Queen*,
The *King of Scotland*, and the *Palatine*,
Wirtenberg, *Saxony*, *Pomerania*, *Heſs*,
The *Holland* forces and the warlike *Swiſe*.
Guiſe. Well let 'em, let 'em all their forces bring,
Thoſe *Dukes*, that *Engliſh Queen*, and *Scotiſh King*.
Tho other Frenchmen to ſuch lowneſs fall,
And ſuffer it, I will confront 'em all.
I'l not degenerate from the Houſe of *Guiſe*!
My Father fell Religion's ſacrifice;
And tho I dye, a double Crown will come,
Lawrels for War, Roſes for Martyrdome.
Car. Theſe *Hugonot's* preſumptions are forgot;
Our Father, Sir, was murder'd by *Poltrot*;
Th' indanger'd both your Brothers Life and Crown;
Fav'ring 'em, ſeems as we their Crimes did own.
What th' *Admiral* then ſuffer'd by your vow,
Others there are, as much deſerve it now.
Guiſe. We ventur'd then on Men as brave, and great
As *France* has any now. If ſome forget
What they eſcap'd, and what they promis'd then,
When it comes to't, they ſhall not 'ſcape again.
Gril. Who would believe that murder and ſur prize
Could be reminded by the *Duke of Guiſe*?
Let not an Act incourag'd be by you,
Which *Grillon* thinks below himſelf to do.
Guiſe. Am I to be control'd by you, Sir? Know,
It has not been the wont, nor ſhall be ſo.
Gril. Death! What a huffing's here? were I allow'd
The liberty you take — I'd —

Guiſe.

Guiſe. You are proud
In your command; and happy theſe are by.
Gril. More happy far, if only you and I.
King. Hold, *Grillon*, I command, or go.
Gril. I go.
But firſt would have theſe *Lorrainers* to know,
One word from you
Does more than they, and all *Lorrain* can do. [*Exit* Grillon.
King. His boiſt'rous Soul to ev'ry one is known.
Car. May be e're long it will be calmer grown.
Guiſe. Sir, to be plain, ſuch Fellows as theſe are,
Favour'd by you, almoſt proclaim a War.
They rob the greateſt treaſure you can have;
I mean the hearts of all men great and brave,
King. Let us leave trifles, and the main advance;
We're here aſſembled for the good of *France.*
Car. 'Tis true; and, Sir, your Royal word is gone,
No Heretick ſhould ſit upon the Throne.
Judge but what contradictions it would bring,
An *Heretick*, and the *Moſt Chriſtian King*!
And ſince illuſtrious *Anjou* hence is gone,
Navar is one ſtep nearer to the Throne.
For we in *Herauldry* are ſo well read,
To know the Houſe of *Bourbon* muſt ſucceed,
If you die without Heirs, which Heav'n forbid.
Pleſ. 'Tis odd diſcourſe, a King to entertain,
Young and in health, with whom muſt after reign.
It is but little leſs than to degrade
The very pow'r of Heav'n it does invade.
Guiſe. I wonder whence this boldneſs is deriv'd.
Pleſ. Fro' th' King my Maſter: when I here arriv'd,
I my Credentials gave.
King. You welcome are.
Speak his Commands.
Car. Commands, Sir, from *Navar*?
King. I, Sir, has not a *King* a Title good?
And is not he beſides firſt *Prince o'th' Blood*?
Deliver up your Meſſage.

Pleſſis

Plef. Sir, I bring——
In the firſt place defiance from my King
To any one in *France*, that dares relate
He's in the leaſt, a Troubler of the State.
He only arms againſt rebellious foes,
Wh' attempt your Crown under religious ſhows.
He then defies——
And challenges by me the *Duke of Guiſe.*

Guiſe. I anſwer not the challenge raſh and vain;
'Tis known I've fought, and I dare fight again.
If he turn *Catholick*, it is not fit;
And if he do not, tell him we ſhall meet.
I'l reach his Head tho it were ten times higher,
And meet him! Tho, as Powder meets with fire.

Plef. From that Perſwaſion whereto he was bred
He faithfully ingages to recede——
When by a lawful *Council* he is ſhown
A better faith, then what he yet has known.

Car. We aſk but his converſion; that's our aim;
France then may keep her ſafety and her fame.
Since this is promis'd; Sir, we beg of you——
That You the Oath of Union would renew.

King. Withdraw and ſoon aſſemble all the *States*
To ſign the *Edict*. I at any rates
Would purchaſe Peace, the greateſt bleſſing given,
Or that e'r can expected be from Heaven. [*Exeunt.*

King *and* Grillon *returns.*

Grillon, my Brother of *Navar* writes here [*Shews a Letter.*
His Army and *Du Mayn's* are very near,
And watch each other with a jealous fear.

Gril. Yet, Sir, my Scouts now bring me word laſt night
Some Horſe of *Mayns*, about the parting light,
Marcht this way from their Camp; doubtleſs to make
Diſcov'ries from ſuch Pris'ners they can take;
And knowing, Sir, your weakneſs ('till *Navar*
Joyn with you) will preſume to venture far.
But if you pleaſe I will a Party head,
And them into the neighb'ring Wood will lead;
So the ſurprizers ſelves may be ſurpriz'd.

King. *Grillon*, perform what you have well advis'd,
But firſt I'd have you to declare the proof
Of your addreſs, to beauteous *Chateneuf.*
Gril. It little did avail; Tho I did try
All means; but you can better do't than I.
In any buſ'neſs belongs that to War,
I could far ſtronger Arguments prepare.
She ſaid, ſhe could not Love as you requir'd;
Neither would you, Sir, Love as ſhe deſir'd.
King. I underſtand her not.
Gril. Her meaning is——
She'd have a Huſband, and you'd have a Miſs.
King. *Grillon*, too oft' we Kings in Paſſions prove
Like common men, and are inſlav'd in Love.
But then in Marri'ges we are confin'd——
And muſt our State conſult and int'reſt mind.
Gril. That's very much! Love, State and Int'reſt too!
I'm only bound to Love (that's kiſs and woo)
And one of theſe is full enough to do.

To'em Chateaneuf, Bonneval.

King. Here's *Bonneval*, and now you may make proof.
Gril. So, Sir, may you, for here is *Chateauneuf.*
Chat. Pardon, Sir, our Intruſion; we are rude.
King. Fair *Chateauneuf* can never here intrude.
Chat. We may diſturb you tho.
King. Not in the leaſt:
I no diſturbance find but in my breaſt: } Bonnev. *and*
And, Madam, there you take but little care. } Grillon *aſide.*
Chat. I muſt preſume to ſay unjuſt you are:
For if I could, Sir, your diſturbance free,
You need not long expect a remedy.
King. O *Chateauneuf* no happineſs I want,
If what you promiſe you'l vouchſafe to grant.
But ſuch unkind diſtinctions find you will,
Juſt in their birth my ſtrugling hopes you kill.
Chat. Sir, your Prerogative in words is known;
Your words and my thoughts too are both our own.
King. But, Madam, why can no perſwaſions move.

That

That all I ſpeak are pure effects of Love?

Chat. Love ſhould find equal objects, Worth and State;
Which are (you know) deni'd to me by fate.

King. I can bring State, and You can merit bring;
Be you the Queen of Love I'l be the King.

Chat. O, Sir, ſuppreſs this too injurious flame,
Leaſt what you mean my honour, turn your ſhame!
Let me my ſelf in my own ſhadow hide,
And never tempt me with ſo vain a pride.

King. Such Rhetorick as this you vainly move,
Which ſeems meer ſlightings of the God of Love.
And tho I grant moſt pow'rful you be,
There's no conteſting with that Deity.

Chat. If, Sir, his pow'r be ſuch, he ſcorns a ſlight,
To ſave his credit let him ſhew his might.
And when I find my Honour has a ſhare
With your deſires, and both united are;
There needs no argument my heart to move
And without *Cupid's* pow'r I then may Love.

King. A faint content like unto theirs who lye
Languiſhing without hopes, but muſt not dye.
But Time and Truth may remedies reveal
And what has wounded now, at laſt may heal.
Grillon about your charge. [*Exeunt.* King *and* Chateauneuf.

Gril. I cannot ſtay, [*To* Bonneval *ſtaying him.*
And this diſcourſe requires a Summers day.

Bon. This you indiff'rency enough does prove;
We're ſeldome weary of the things we Love.

Gril. 'Tis true, when one has nothing elſe to do;
But who can mannage Love and bus'neſs too?

Bon. Love claims the preſent hour; the next you may
Beſtow on our bus'neſs,

Gril. Death! Another day
I'l tyre you out with Love, and making moan
Ev'n from the riſing to the ſetting Sun,
Nay if you pleaſe, we will talk down the Moon.

Bon. *Grillon*, on this condition you are free. [*Exit.* Bon.

Gril. O Heav'n! The bleſt delight of liberty. [*Exit.* Grillon.

Explicit Act. I.

ACT. II. SCENE. I. *The Wood near* Blois.

Enter Gabriel, Armida.

Arm. I Now find true what I have often read,
A Crown brings trouble to the owners Head,
For Since you only were for one deſign'd,
Your ſleeps have been as reſtleſs as your mind.
Gab. Armida, yet thou knowſt not *Gabriel* right,
Content I value, and a Crown can ſlight.
I'm only fearful leaſt ſuch dreams advance
Ambitious *Guiſe* to ſeek the Crown of *France*.
Fierce are the working Paſſions of his mind,
His Soul's, tho to Ambition moſt inclin'd.
Venus, without a Crown, he would diſdain,
And love, or hate, or any thing, to reign.
Arm. This ſhould not you diſturb. He muſt ſucceed
In his deſires, if by the Stars decreed.
Gab. Yet if I now ſhould to his Love incline,
His Treaſon and Ambition would be mine.
And if a Crown ſhould chance to be my lot
By Love-deſigns it only ſhall be got.
Arm. Well, Madam, we ſhall make a better choice
Of obſervations, when we come to *Blois*.
Gab. Your *Pericart* by promiſe comes to day,
And from the *Fry'rs* will thither us convey.
Under the ſhady Trees let's walk a while
Both Time and expectation to beguile. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain, Soldiers, *going out.*

Capt. Into our Ambuſh ſome muſt fall. Ly cloſe; } *To* Soldiers
All ways are lawful to entrap our Foes. } *going.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Upon the Hill 'twixt this and *Orleans*,
Right-hand the Road, I 'ſpy ſome Horſe advance.
Capt. How many may they be?
Sold. Some three, or four.
Capt. Why did you ſtir, unleſs they had been more?

Sold.

Sold. Methought they more and more began t' appear.
Capt. Some dreadful Troop of Thiſtles!
Sold. Gad! I ſwear,
I ſaw 'em move.
Capt. Some Troop of horn'd Beaſts,
Or Trees with waving Plumes upon their Creſts.
Doſt think they were not Clouds.
Sold. I know not well;
I'l try once more and then may ſurely tell. [*Exit.*

Enter firſt Soldier.

Sold. Two Ladies, Sir, are fall'n into our ſnare.
Capt. Doſt think I came with Women to make War.
Sold. When ſeen, you'l think it much the ſafer choice
To charge the ſtrongeſt Regiment in *Blois*.
Capt. Are they ſo beautiful?
Sold. Gad! Captain, more
Than you, or all the World e'r ſaw before.
Capt. Go, bring 'em in. Sure they can do no harm. [*Exit.* Sold.
I'm cold, and they may ſerve to make me warm.

Enter ſecond Soldier *with Ladies.*

Gad, beautiful! Fair Lady, I'm for you;
The other you may ſhare betwixt you two. } [*They hand her,*
Arm. Heav'n lend me Wings! } Arm. *runs out.*
1 *Sold.* There after thee I'l flye,
Rather than miſs my Quarry. [*Exit.*
2 *Sold.* So will I. [*Exit.*
Capt. Come, Madam, Come. [*Hands* Gabriel.
Gab. What do you mean to do?
Capt. I am in Love.
Gab. 'Tis now no time to woo.
Bleſs me! Your looks are ſtrange.
Capt. I mean to prove
All ways, to quench my raging flames of Love.
Gab. I'l dye firſt. [*Strives with her.*
Capt. How! Deny me ſuch a bliſs.
Which when I have obtaind, you cannot miſs.
Gab. Not miſs mine Honour?
Capt. No, 'tis very right,

No more then miſs your ſhadow in the night.
I am reſolv'd. [*Forces her out.*
Gab. Juſt Heav'n vouchſafe your aid, } *Cries loudly as ſhe's*
Unto a Virgin treacherouſly betray'd. } *dragg'd forth.* [Exeunt.

Enter Scouting, Souldier.

Sold. How gone! I was afraid to come again
'Till Trees, and Beaſts, and Thiſtles turn to men. [*Flies out.*

Enter Navar *arm'd with Soldiers.*

Nav. This way I heard the cry. } *He purſues, after claſhing*
} *Swords brings in* Gabriel.

Gab. Upon my knee —
I pay my thanks, thou true Divinity!
Thou canſt be nothing leſs, ſince thou haſt ſhown
Both help and pity, when all hopes were gone.
Nav. You *Guardian-Angels*! I muſt tax your care
For ſuff'ring this: to what end ſhine you there?
That one as fair as you, and as divine,
Should need, alaſs, a mortals help like mine?
Gab. O, Sir, diſparage not thoſe heav'nly pow'rs!
Their vigilance is far more quick than ours.
By what is paſt we only guide our ſenſe,
Then rule our actions by the conſequence.
But they foreſee what never yet was done,
And ſo prevent a fate that's hurrying on;
As by your bleſt aſſiſtance here was ſhown.
Thoſe *Guardian-Angels*, do not then condemn;
They brought you here, or you are one of them.
Nav. My inclinations yield unto the charms
O'th' God of War, and I was born to Arms;
But never knew before a Cauſe ſo juſt,
I've reſku'd Chaſtity and routed Luſt.
The *Grecian Hero* did the World ſubdue;
I've gain'd more glory in protecting you.
Gab. I hope the action, Sir, is your reward,
At leaſt if theſe my Virgins pray'rs be heard.
May all the bleſſings that attend the prayers
Of Virgin Saints, when they are fre'd from tears;
May all the Crowns and glorious recompence

Of Martyrs, Chaſtity, and Innocence
Be your reward, I cannot you requite.
Nav. Madam, you've more than done it by your ſight.
Gab. Your favour vies with Heaven's; for Heav'n but gave
My ſenſe of Honour; My Honour you did ſave.
Enter a Souldier.
1 *Sold.* To horſe, to horſe, freſh Squadrons, Sir, are nigh.
Nav. Madam, I'le make your ſafety good or die.
A Second Souldier.
2 *Sold.* Freſh Parties riſe from all parts of the Wood,
As *Cadmus* it with Dragons teeth had ſow'd.
Nav. Vouchſafe your hand. By this bleſt touch inſpir'd,
My Courage and my Reſolution's fir'd.
Thus, Madam, will I charge, and all muſt flie. } *draws his ſword*
By my ſword conquer'd, or your brighter Eye. } *with her in the*
Let 'em be ne'r ſo ſtrong and brave, they ſhall, } *other hand.*
Or by my Thunder, or your Lightning fall. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Captain and Souldiers.
Cap. Command the Ambuſh all to riſe with haſte:
Charge with ſuch fury to redeem what's paſt. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Gabrel.
Gab. Whilſt there's a Providence, I need not fear;
His worth and vertue have oblig'd Heaven's care.
The Guards He ſet o'r me are kill'd, and I
Expos'd again, and know not where to flie. [*Exit.*
Enter Grillon *and Souldiers.*
Gril. Death! I am come too ſhort! 'Twas briskly fought,
But will make large amends, when I come to't.
Enter Captain and Souldiers.
Capt. Let's beat this party out; they'l quickly run,
And then the Plunder and the Fields our own,
Yield, or you die. [*to* Grillon.
Gril. Dog! ſeeſt thou in my face —
The leaſt point of a line that looks ſo baſe?
Were't thou now *Jove* himſelf in that diſguiſe,
In thy Arms Thunder, Lightning in thy Eyes,
Thus would I charge, and to thy ruin prove:
Grillon would die, or trample upon *Jove*. [*All fight.*

Cap. How *Grillon*! Then we're loſt. [*Offers to flie.*

Gril. Fool! Wilt thou flie? [*Stays him.*

And loſe the fame by *Grillon*'s hands to die?
I'le be more kind, and here the favour's ſhewn,
Conſulting thus thy glory and my own. { *Kills him and beats his Party off.*

Enter Navar *and Souldiers.*

Gril. Ha! Who art thou that looks ſo like a Man?
A thing I met not here, ſince I began.
Thou art worthy of my Sword. [*Offers to fight.*

Sould. Hold, 'Tis *Navar.*

Gril. Death, Sir, what made you venture out ſo far?
Your Valour's great, and great ſhould be your care.

Nav. This Party of *Du Mayns*, I have purſu'd,
Until I lodg'd them here within the Wood.
Being reſolv'd to ſee the Coaſt was clear
Before I marcht; and I ſhall ſoon be here. [*Enter a Souldier.*
What makes thy haſte? The news?

Soul. Your Scoutes, Sir, 'ſpy
Two Squadrons of *Du Mayn*'s that hover nigh.

Nav. To horſe.

Soul. To horſe.

Nav. My ſervice to the King: [*to* Grillon.
My Arms and duty to his aid I'le bring
Grillon farewell, be watchful. [*Exit* Navar *cum ſuis.*

Gril. When y're gone,
I ſhall too many be altho alone.
Command 'em ſound to horſe. [*Exeunt Milites.*

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. The King is near,
Hearing the fight.

Gril. I ſhall attend him here.
Command ſome in to carry off the Dead. [*Exit Souldier.*

Enter Souldiers with Gabriel.

Soul. This Woman, Sir, we took; ſhe ſwiftly fled.
Her fear ſpeaks guilt.

Gril. Ha! What art thou I ſee?
Sure, thou art either Fame or Victory,

I could not love thee elſe! What e'r thou art,
Thou art the firſt e'r conquer'd *Grillons* heart.
Gab. Talk not of conqu'ring, Sir, I beg your aid,
Altho I ſee my Enemy there dead. [*Points to the Captain.*
Gril. Were all the World thy Foes, let *Grillon* be
Thy Champion, they ſhould be as dead as he.
Souldiers leading in Armida.
Soul. We found this other, Sir, in the ſame caſe.
Gab. O my *Armida* let me thee imbrace: [*Imbrace.*
Art thou in ſafety, Dear *Armida* tell?
Armid. O deareſt Madam, that you were as well.
Gab. Bleſt be our fate. [*Imbrace again.*
Gril. Let me as happy be. [*Offers alſo; ſhe puts him by.*
Death, Madam! know I love you more than ſhe.
Gab. Let your requeſts then, Sir, declare that love.
Gril. How! Daunted! I can neither ſpeak or move. } *Stands amaz'd.*
Armi. The place of our abode is very near. }
Gab. Our wiſhes and good Fortune wait you here.
[*Exeunt* Gabriel *and* Armida.
Grillon *walking confus'd and arms croſs.*
Enter King, Revol, Larchant, Gueſſle, *and Guards.*
King. What Apparition's that, that walketh there?
Revol. 'Tis *Grillon* or his Ghoſt, Sir.
King. Lets hear. [*Liſtens.* Grillon *not ſeeing them.*
Gril. Who would believe, a Woman could obtain
A Conqueſt here, ne'r purchaſt yet by Man?
My Spirit's flat, their former vigours ceaſe;
Trumpets ſound harſh, and now no longer pleaſe:
My humour's chang'd, I can no more delight
To whet my Sword, or keep my Armour bright.
King. who e'r rob'd *Grillon* of his former mind } *Diſcovering himſelf.*
Was much to me, but more to *France* unkind }
Who is the Thief?
Gril. A Woman, Sir. I lie!
An Angel! Some Court Lady of the Skie.
O, Sir, Your *Grillon*'s loſt, your *Grillon*'s gone;
Ne'r more expect to ſee his Armour on.
Perfum'd and curl'd in Silks, he'l dance all day,

All night his limbs on downy Quilts he lay,
And ſing his threats, and ſmile his frowns away.
King. Whence is this change?
Gril. Beauty, Sir, is the cauſe;
Beauty! that conquers Kings, and tramples Laws.
King. Conſult thy glory.
Gril. Farewell War and Fame.
My breaſt muſt cheriſh now another flame.
King. What is this Beauty! ſhe ev'n makes thee mad.
Gril. O, Sir, ſhe's ſomething more than can be ſaid.
Fancy a Sword drawn at a trembling Foe,
Brighter than mine, brighter than *Cherubs* know,
Her Beauty ſhines at once, and conquers ſo.
Her Brows are ready bent, like *Engliſh Bowes*,
And can as eaſily conquer *France*, as thoſe.
Her Eyes two bullets ſhot with ſwifter flame,
Than ever yet from murd'ring engine came.
King. How he deſcribes her in his Martial phraſe,
And acts a Souldier in a Ladies praiſe?
Where is ſhe *Grillon?*
Gril. Sir, I know not well.
King. Who is ſhe Man?
Gril. Death, Sir, I cannot tell,
King. Thy *Juno* muſt not be to us allow'd,
And thou art jealous, tho ſhe's in a cloud.
Gril. Had I the pow'r to reach the Sun (that Eye
Of Heav'n it ſelf) I'd pluck it from the Skie,
Leaſt it ſhould look and love as much as I.
Revol. There are not Arguments enough to prove
Grillon's high Soul can ſtoop ſo low as Love.
Cupid but vainly aims his ſlender dart
Againſt the breaſt-plate of a vig'rous heart.
To that weak Paſſion only they're inclin'd,
Who have the deep Conſumption of the mind.
King. You cannot blame him, if the Lady be
But half ſo fair, as he deſcrib'd to me.
Gril. Remember how I prais'd her, Sir, to you:
'Twas very much, and yet far leſs than true.

Gather thoſe praiſes all into one Store,
Add thouſands, and ſhe merits thouſands more.
King. Well here's ſome comfort left, altho ſhe's fled,
We have the Souldier, tho we've loſt the Maid.
Gril. No prize at all! you had as good have none;
For what's a Souldier when his heart is gone?
King. To bring thee ſuccour I did hither move;
Expecting War, but am ſurpriz'd with Love.
Gril. What War! 'Sdeath, Sir, what had I more to do?
When Cowards flie, let other men purſue.
Grillon below himſelf can never move.
I conquer'd firſt, and then had time to love.
The King, Sir, of *Navar* was here and fought;
To *Blois* his Army will be quickly brought.
King. The ſtubborn Leaguers then confront we ſhall,
And make them either yield to us, or fall.
Order our march to *Blois*.
Gril. Pray leave me here.
She ſaid the place of her abode was near.
King. In thy attempts may'ſt thou ſucceſsful prove;
And as in War, ſo triumph now in Love. } *Exeunt omnes*
Gril. Tho from their trouble I my ſelf have ſav'd, } *præter* Grillon
I'm Priſ'ner ſtill, to my own thoughts enſlav'd,
There's no confinement like that of the mind;
All other Bondage may releaſements find.
Thoſe eyes that fetter'd me, muſt ſet me free;
No other help for my captivity.
With what deſpair my ſtrongeſt hopes are croſt?
Since both my Jailor and the Keyes are loſt! [*Exit.*

Enter Guiſe *meeting* Pericart.

Per. Sir, ſhe's within and did but lately 'ſcape
From ſome rude Souldiers a moſt horrid Rape,
Which makes her far more earneſt to be gone.
Guiſe. Thou muſt away my Quality's not known?
Per. No, Sir, for there I follow'd your advice.
Your Brother's there already in diſguiſe.
Guiſe. When at my Lodgings, as thou haſt deſign'd,
Let her have all reſpects, yet be confin'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II. *The Cave in the Wood.*

Enter Cardinal, Fry'r, Guiſe *to'em.*

Guiſe. NOw, Friend, art thou that Confident of Fate,
Who canſt her deepeſt myſteries relate?
Fryer. Son, I am one, who can as much impart
As any other, by the help of art,
By Art, I ſay, not by a horrid ſpell;
Like thoſe, who bloody compacts make with Hell.
Poor gloomy Souls! O'r whom the Fiend preſumes,
Fudling their brains with melancholick fumes,
Old Dotards, ſilly Hags! Whoſe wants, or hate
Contrive with him ſome feigned Scenes of fate.
Card. May we preſume, tho to enquire of you,
How you perform what Devils cannot do?
Fryer. There is a *Magick* which has hapt to ſome,
And lawful as *Traditions* are to *Rome.*
What thoſe *Magicians* found (tho known to few)
I'm by the ſecond hand impow'r'd to do.
Whilſt I ſtill practiſe them, and thus proceed
By Nature's rules, muſt do as thoſe men did.
When Paſſives are diſpos'd that Actives may
Fitly conjoyn, we then have found the way.
Guiſe. Believe it, Father, you may ſhew your ſkill
To Perſons, that will not requite you ill.
Theſe three Nativities have you yet caſt,
And brought their figures?
Fryer. Son, the thing's too vaſt,
And their Concern's too great, for me to frame,
Or circumſcribe i'th' limits of a Scheme.
Far greater myſteries muſt that impart;
Their fates exceed the vulgar rules of art.
Thoſe I have throughly try'd, but try'd in vain.
Unleſs the *Planets* ſelves I can obtain,
Your aim and my indeavour's loſt.
Card. How will
Our friends be ſatisfi'd?

Fryer.

Fryer. I've one way ſtill.
Thrice fifty years ago, one *Gyles-de-Raix.*
(*Marſhal of France*) my great Grand-father was.
'Twas he who firſt, with Necromantick art,
Taught *Joan of Orleans* to act her Part.
Whoſe pow'rful charms made th' *Engliſh* quit the Field;
No mortal force elſe could have made 'em yield.
'Twas he (as by my bloody Roll appears)
Who hir'd two Spirits for two Hundred years.
One is an *Aſtral Spirit* mild and fair,
Imbody'd in our ſhape with thicken'd air.
His veſture cut out of a morning Cloud,
When with the peeping Sun-beams firſt it glow'd.
He only good foretels, and proſp'rous things,
The fate of Heroes and renowned Kings.
The other *Earthy*, and reſides below,
Deep in the Center; yet my call does know;
Then riſes like a Damp, till th' Air it meet.
Which to a gloomy form condenſes it.
This only blood foretels, and wicked things,
The fate of Rebels and unproſp'rous Kings.
But what I can do, You ſhall quickly try
——What ever you eſpy——
Stir not, nor ſpeak, nor fear, whilſt I am by.
He muſes and mutters.
Laſt night I did my thoughts intentive keep
'Till midnight; when Heav'ns Eyes were all aſleep.
The World was huſht in ſlumbers: In deep Caves
No breath of Winds, nor murmur from the Waves.
Juſt then when Ghoſts their diſmal haunt purſue,
And *Oberon* invites his *Fairy Crew*,
(Like *Cleopatra*) to ſip Pearls in Dew.
I at that time Muſick aloft did hear,
Which made me know my Aftral Spirit near.
It in few minutes at my Call appear'd;
And ſoon as my Commands were heard——
O'th' Errand ſwiftly flyes,——
——And ſooner reacht the skyes,——

Then Prayers of Saints, or darts ſhot from the Eyes.
My earthy Spirit too (more giv'n to ſloath)
—By Nature dull and heavy, both——
Rouz'd at my Call, and my Commands to keep—
Shot down to ſearch the Caverns of the Deep.
And now-- if Heav'n or Hell theſe ſecrets hide,
Within few minutes they ſhall be deſcry'd. [*Exit.* Fryer.

A Table brought, a Cenſor of burning Coals, a Cabinet, &c. He returns, a Cap on, a Wand, and book in's hands; taking out of the Cabinet a piece of Chalk.

This Piece of Chalk a ſacred Cave did own;
Long ſince digg'd in the *Mountains of the Moon*;
Where oft' ſhe met her lov'd *Endymion*.
This Powder mixt well with a certain Flower, *Scrapes it,*
That ſhaded both the Lovers in the Bower, *and mixes*
And crittically got i' th' happy hour. *it.*
With three thin ſhavings of her waxing horn—
Steep'd in five dew drops of a *Maydays* morn, [*Shows 'em.*
Juſt then when *April* dy'd, and *May* was born.
Three leaves of *Moonſhade* dry'd, and after put
To a grain of Powder of a *Dormouſe Gut*; [*Shows 'em.*
With three ſmall pieces of a *Mandrake* root.
Theſe ſeven Ingredients mixt make a Perfume *Burns and*
Whoſe vapours mount and Aſhes ſtrew the Room; *ſtrews.*
Each a fit Charm to make my Spirits come.

[*Table taken in. He Circles 'em in with his Wand.*

Within this Circle y'are ſecure,
As brazen Walls did you immure:
Security is not more ſure.

Reads and waves his Wand.

Deſcend! Deſcend! Deſcend! Thou from the Skyes!
Thou from the Earth, Ariſe! Ariſe! Ariſe.
Come quickly from the Cloud, and ſay
How thou didſt my Commands obey.

Muſick far off. Spirit deſcending leaſurely. Sings this, viz.

Spirit

SPIRIT SINGS.

After I had your Orders last night,
I met with a path all paved with light,
And yet with my passing I made it more bright.
Then through the lowest Region I flew,
Souſing through falling Bogs of Dew,
By the Moon's Orb then ſwiftly I paſt,
No lightening nor thought made ever ſuch haſte;
Nor did I ſtay, till Venus *I found*
All cover'd with Roſes, and with Mirtles Crown'd.
Each Roſe did in native Scarlet appear;
Yet every Roſe was outbluſh'd by her,
Becauſe I found Mars *in the midſt of her Sphear.*
Your Summons ſhe read, and obey'd with a Nod,
I had ne'r gain'd elſe that ſtubborn God.
Then I flew to an Orb, that was much more than bright;
With Diamonds ſtudded and roof'd o'r with light.
I knew't could be none
But Jupiter's *Throne;*
My Summons he read, and obey'd with a frown.
And now all the three are there coming down.
No fate ne'r ſo dark eſcape can their ſenſe,
Since each of 'em is an intelligence.
Look, Sir, they hover, all three hover there, [Spirit deſcends.
Wave but your Wand, and all three will appear. [Waves his Wand.

Fryer. That Voice which ſtrikes the World with awful fear,
Loudly proclaims the *Thunderer* is near. [*It Thunders.*
As may be known by that ſhril Trumpets ſound, [*A Trumpet.*
The *God of War* approaches mortal ground.
Thoſe charming ſtrains that ſweetly ſtrike the Ear,
Perſwade the *Goddeſs of delight* is there [*Soft Muſick.*

The Planets deſcend with Muſick, th' Aſtral Spirit croſſes the Stage, follow'd by th' Apparitions of Henry the Third *crown'd, holding a Cypreſs branch:* Navar *Crown'd holding a Lawrel one.* Guiſe *a Ducal Crown, a Sword drawn. Soon as they have paſt the Stage, the Sphears aſcend with Muſick.*

Aſtral

Aſtral Spirit. Let me my Furlo now obtain
All's done, an Aſtral Spirit can.
Fryer. Thou haſt thy liberty; be gone
Spirit. I fly —
Who'd ſtay on Earth, when he may mount the Sky? [*Aſcends.*
Fryer. This from above is all we know,
Let us now try our power below.
The Fryer Waves his Wand. Reads, then Loud Muſick, th' Earthy Spirit aſcends with this

SONG.

I *Come from the Deeps below,*
Where Coral branches bud.
From where the Rubies grow
From the Rocks richeſt blood.
Altho in the Deeps, little darkneſs we know;
The Diamond's our Sun,
The Pearl is our Moon,
And the reſt of our Jewels are ſtars there below.

[*The Earthy Spirit then clear riſes, with Rebellion and Murder on each ſide, three Spirits on one ſide of the ſtage, and three on the other. They dance. Then the Earthy Spirit beckens, and there croſs the ſtage theſe apparitions,* 1. Henry *the Third pale, a bloody Dagger in's hand.* 2. Navar *Crown'd with Lawrels, a bloody Dagger in's hands.* 3. Guiſe *holding a Sword drawn, when half o'r the ſtage, he returns — the Spirits dance again and deſcend, as th' Earthy Spirit is deſcending- (ſtops at the Fryar's words) and Murder and Rebel.*

Fryer. Stay Spirit ſtay — [*He ſtays.*
— What's he who does behind remain?
Spir. One of the Princes of *Lorrain.*
Guiſe. Say, Spirit, muſt he wear the Crown?
Spirit. That unknown Voice has knockt us down.
[*The three Spirits, Rebel and Murder deſcend.*
Guiſe. This Gold I give to thee, Fryar.
Card. And this give I.
Now for *Lorrain*!
Guiſe. *Lorrain* and Liberty. [*Exeunt.*
Explicit Act. II.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE. I. *Guiſes Apartment.*

Enter Guiſe, Pericart.

Per. HAve you not ſoften'd yet her ſtubborn mind?
Guiſe, In her each day I ſtranger humour's find:
Peeviſh as Children wak'd, or Matrons craz'd;
Scornful as Upſtarts, that are newly rais'd.
Per. The thought, Sir, of her fate ſure does you wrong.
Guiſe. If ſo, I will remove the cauſe e'r long.
Then your *Armida* hinders too my Love.
Per. I can with eaſe that obſtacle remove;
For ſhe has beg'd, and partly gain'd to be
Convey'd to one, ſhe thinks no friend to me;
But is deceiv'd, For I'm by him aſſur'd,
During my will, ſhe ſhall be there ſecur'd.
Guiſe. I like it well, and now reſolve to try,
If talk of Crowns, can dazle *Gabriel's* Eye.
And if I find thoſe Arguments will move,
I'l be a King onely to gain her Love, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gabriel, Armida.

Gab. I'm glad thy ſpeed and fortune were ſo good,
Faſter to fly thoſe Rogues, than be purſu'd.
But the chief Villain ſoon had me betray'd,
If Heav'n had not been pleas'd to ſend me aid.
Juſt in my need, an *Hero* ſet me free;
His Sword at once reveng'd and aided me.
I kneel'd him thanks. He ſcarce three words had ſpoke,
When claſhing Swords our converſation broke.
Yet as he fought, he ſtill look'd back at me;
Which for ſome time delay'd his victory.
Arm. That *Hero*, Madam, if a bluſh ſpeak true,
At once both fre'd and captivated you.
Gab. I muſt confeſs, he look'd me to the heart;
And tho my Life lay on't; I could not part.
Rather then my Deliv'rer ſhould be ſlain,

I wiſht my ſelf in danger once again.
Each man that fell my fear and grief did move;
I thought it fear, but oh! I find it love.
Armi. But, Deareſt Madam, what of him became?
Gab. He fought and vaniſht like the *Thunderer's* flame;
When Fates (as my late wounds they would requite)
Did bring me to the gallant *Grillons* ſight.
He proffer'd love! had not my heart been loſt,
He'd been a prize becoming Queens to boaſt.
But all in vain I am betraid to *Guiſe*;
Loſt where I love, and lov'd where I deſpiſe!
Armi. I promiſe freedom if you'l take advice.
Gab. My dear *Armida*, I'le be rul'd by you;
Bleſt with your love, and with my freedome too. [*Enter Serv.*
Serv. Madam, the *Duke of Guiſe* has ſent to know,
If you'l vouchſafe him to attend on you?
Gab. He need not ask what he has pow'r to do. [*Exit Serv.*
What ſhall I do *Armida*?
Armi. Seem but Kind;
It will advance the Plot I have deſign'd.
Enter Guiſe, Pericart. Armida *and*
Guiſe. Stil, faireſt Lady, you create your pain. Peric. *go aſide,*
Your Brow frowns clouds, or elſe your eyes weep rain.
'Tis againſt Nature Storms ſhould have a place
In the higheſt Region of that heavenly face.
O, Madam, imitate the Heav'ns above,
Where only is ſerenity and love!
Gab. Your words are good, your actions are not ſo;
Like Trees that onely fruitleſs bloſſoms ſhow.
If my ſmall Beauty's heav'nly, as you ſay.
You like a *Lucifer*, would it betray.
By his ſad fate you may your own proclaim;
For you both loſe your glory and your aim.
Guiſe. My ſufferings you a Propheteſs declare?
I'm ſcorch'd with flames, and damn'd into deſpair.
Gab. You 've time, Sir, to repent of your offence,
And to regain your priſtine Innocence.
Give me my freedome and you leave your crime,

And we may both be happy at one time.
Guiſe. Make your words good, oblige your ſelf and me;
And at one time too, we may both be free.
Gab. The firſt attemp, Sir, unto you belong;
Since you are only he that offers wrong:
Or, if in honour, you'l not yield to me,
I'l lead the way, and here I ſet you free.
Guiſe. Madam, if you will make your promiſe true,
You muſt both make me free, and happy too.
Gab. Your happineſs and freedome both belong
Unto your ſelf, and I have all the wrong.
For with what juſtice can you keep me here?
Or what's your pow'r o'r me?
Guiſe. Ah! None I fear.
Juſtice and Pow'r, with all things you can move,
Muſt yield to th' pleaſing violence of Love.
My mind is bent your motions to fulfil,
But ſomething ſtronger contradicts my will,
My Soul (above conſtraint) does overſway
All thoſe deſires, and makes me diſobey.
Gab. Remember, Sir, It is a glorious boaſt
To wheel about and gain a Field that's loſt.
Relieve your ſelf before you be o'rcome;
Knock at your breaſt; may be you're not at home.
Guiſe. You prophecy again: my Heart is gone;
Here is the *Aery*, but the *Falkons* flown.
The *Haggard Sous'd*, ſoon as it 'ſpy'd its Prey,
But *Cupid* had laid *Lime-twigs* in the way.
Gab. Sir, to be plain, your Paſſions ſtrangely move;
You practice force, and yet pretend to Love.
Love by reſtriction does its vertue want:
As happineſs was loſt firſt by Reſtraint.
Conſult but ſenſe, It ſhould not be confin'd;
Love is the Free-born Subject of the mind;
And when that priviledge it cannot have,
It turns a Rebel, or is made a ſlave.
Gab. To all your Argument I'm not inclin'd;
My heart was free, but now, alaſs, confin'd!

Its Birth-right's loſt, yet never will rebel.
Gab. I'm glad you know your duty, Sir, ſo well.
This doctrine fitter for the League may be,
And you may do more good on it, than me.
Guiſe. It is below you to upbraid me ſo;
For I to you will only duty owe.
Gab. The King claims ſhare,
Guiſe. And he ſhall have his due.
It ſeems by this you're moſt to Kings inclin'd,
Becauſe your Stars have one for you deſign'd.
But if ſuch charms the very name does bring,
Think what's the honour then to make a King.
Gab. I'm now a Slave ſuch thoughts become not me.
Guiſe. If you will love a King you ſhall be free.
Gab. I love none elſe, and that is but his due.
Guiſe. You love a King then?
Gab. Yes, tho it be you.
Guiſe. Vouchſafe your hand: Upon your Juror look. [*takes it.*
By this fair hand; and thus I kiſs the Book. [*kiſſes it.*
Next day by this time I will ſet you free;
But one Oath more— [*Again.*
And once again for more ſecurity. [*Exeunt* Guiſe *and* Pericart.
Gab. Thy help *Armida*; for the ſtorm grows high.
Armid. I heard him, and my counter Plots will try.
I have gain'd *Pericart*, and am to go
This hour unto a Friend, whoſe faith I know.
We muſt ſhift cloaths, and you depart in mine;
And ſo you may eſcape his bad deſign.
Gab. You have all thanks, that gratitude can give,
And to requite you I muſt only live.
But when the Duke returns, and miſſes me,
Armida, what will then become of thee?
Armid. I know his Spirits fierce, but brave and true,
And he'l reſpect me for regarding you.
I'l no excuſes frame, as for a crime;
Since in his need, I'd do as much for him.
Gab. But, deareſt Friend, why ſhould thy love for me
Be more advent'rous, than my love for thee?

Armid.

Armid. Madam, his Paſſion's like a furious wind;
And Love's the raging tempeſt of the mind:
If a fair ſtately *Cedar* ſtand i' th' way,
Scorning the Winds rough courtſhip to obey;
Its bluſtring rage will more and more abound,
In hopes to lay the *Cedar* on the ground.
But if, when he returns, the *Cedar*'s gone,
And he no object have to blow upon;
He'l rage a while, but ſoon his fury lay,
And he himſelf will blow his Storm away.

Gab. Thy wit has Empire in't; I'l not conteſt,
I hope thy Genius guides thee for the beſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II. *The Court.*

Enter Chateauneuf, Bonneval.

Chaten. Altho my Fortune's bad, it is not ſtrange,
Since the Kings heart is ſo inclin'd to change.
His thoughts can ne'r be fixt; you may as ſoon
Cut out and fit a Veſture for the *Moon.*
Inconſtant winds to fewer points will vere;
Than he to Ladies if he think 'em fair.

Bon. You have too tender and too quick a ſenſe,
Which catches at the ſhadows of offence.
And yet this jealouſie does plainly prove,
You claim no ſmall ſhare in great *Henry*'s love.

Chat. I'l either have no ſhare, or I'l have all,
They who love right can never lower fall.
True Lovers all, like greateſt Gameſters ſet,
And will not let By-ſtanders have a Bet.

Bon. Like Men both great and rich, you have ſuch ſtore,
Scarce with conveniency you can manage more;
Yet ſtill like them you are ſo greedy found,
Envying the poor to look but on your Ground.

Chat. Deſiſt my Friend; it would ev'n patience vex;
Cuſtome and Nature both againſt our Sex!
Nature's a Bungler not to make us ſtrong,

As

As th' other Sex to vindicate a wrong.
To ſeek amends for any great abuſe
In them is Honour, impudence in us.

Enter King, Grillon. *He and* Bonneval *aſide.*

King. Madam, I'm told by *Grillon*, you're ſevere
In your diſcourſe, as I inconſtant were
Of what you tax me, you may guilty prove,
And injure Truth that Confident of Love.

Chat. Whereſhall we ſeek for *Truth*, (that injur'd Maid)
Deſpis'd on Earth is to *Aſtræa* fled.
In *Cottages* deſpis'd ſhe may remain,
For I, alas, have ſearcht the *Court* in vain.

King. You wrong your ſelf, ſuch doubtings to purſue;
Why ſhould not I perſiſt in loving you?

Chat. Believe it, Sir, I now can plainly ſee,
You ſhare not any part of love with me.
Elſe you'd the cauſes of my doubts perceive,
As well as I the cauſes you do give.
With what content and pride, your love I'd own?
But I have loſt it, and for one unknown.

King. That *Jealouſie* is raſh, I daily ſee't;
But ne'r before knew it ſo indiſcreet.
Can you believe I ſhould my love withdraw
From your fair eyes, for thoſe I never ſaw?
As I ſhould leave the Sun and its known light,
To ſearch for greater in the womb of night.

Chat. Yet Fancy moſt inclines to what is new;
And knowledge cannot pleaſe as hopes can do.
When *Grillon*'s frantick praiſes ſpeaks his Prize,
O Heav'ns! what joy, what love ſhoots from your eys!
Your looſe Imaginations are ſurpriz'd,
And I for fond *Chymera*'s am deſpis'd.

King. There is no hope to alter ſuch a doubt,
When I have made my Love ſo fairly out.
Has not my Kingdome taxt me of the Crime
Of ſlighting other Beauties of the Time.
Great Criminals juſtly condemn'd to death,
Begg'd a new life, and gain'd it in your breath.

Honour and Riches (which the World beguile
From Heav'n it ſelf) were purchas'd with your ſmile.
What then can more be ſaid, My Love t' advance?
You, Madam, govern him, who governs *France*.
Chat. To what we wiſh how eas'ly we incline?
My doubts diſperſe, and joys begin to ſhine.
I am content; ſo you'l a Promiſe make —
You'l not my Love, for this *Unknown*, forſake.
And when ſhe's found (tho you muſt her prefer)
Yet you will look on me as much as her.
And tho you cannot Love me half ſo well,
I'l not believe it, ſo you do not tell. ——
I'd rather have you Murder me this Night,
Then let me live to morrow for a ſlight.
King. Thy merit and thy beauty thou maiſt truſt,
Whilſt I am wiſe, or generous, or juſt: [*Exit.* Chat.
Grillon about your charge, but firſt command [*Turning to him.*
Larchant to wait me here.
Gril. I'm now unchain'd. } *Gets from* Bonneval. *She followes and ſaid.*
Bon. You vow'd to talk a day with me.
Gril. 'Tis right;
And ſo I will, but now it is almoſt night. [*Ext.* Gril. *and* Bon.

Enter Larchant.

King. Larchant how haſt thou ſped!
Larch. As I deſir'd:
No ſooner come; for *Grillon* ſhe inquir'd;
My proffer'd ſervice took, and thankt me for't;
By which pretence I got her to the *Court*.
King. How is her Beauty?
Larch. O, Sir, ſo refin'd
It dazles th' Eye and ſtrikes the raviſht mind.
All o'r warm Chriſtal, Sir, with Sun beams lin'd
Strugling for eaſe th' impriſon'd ſplendor lyes,
And breaks the Jayl thro' th' Windows of her Eyes.
King. I long to ſee this Wonder. Now hold proof,
Diſtracted Heart, and hold faſt *Chateauneuf*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE. III. *Guiſes Lodgings.*

Enter Guiſe, Cardinal, Pericart.

Guiſe. THis diveliſh *Fry'r* with his ſtrange Scenes of fate
Has much confus'd my thoughts and preſent State.
Of Blood and Honour, who would hazard run,
To do what muſt now in few days be done?
Let us lye cloſe upon our Guard and wait
The timely ripening of approaching fate.
I know I'm not by Heav'n deſign'd to do't,
Since here is ſomething that diſſwades me fro't. [*Points to's breaſt.*
Card. Rather 'tis your ill *Genius*, makes you ſhun
That glory, which by others may be won.
As ſome brave Man that ſtands upon the Shore,
By Crowns and Honour doubly tempted o'r,
Leaps boldly in; not fearful in the leaſt,
And cuts the Billows with exalted breaſt;
Should he turn back and his attempt give o'r,
When he had almoſt reach't the wiſht-for Shore,
He'd ſink unpitti'd.—
Guiſe. The King's late promiſes to us are great.
Card. But to ſtop now, is worſe then to retreat.
Why came you hither, if you meant to ſtay?
The Crown's at th' end, not in the midſt o'th' way.
When Subjects once by Kings ſuſpected are,
There is not any thing but they may fear.
What *Pepin* (our great Anceſtor) did do
To *Chilperick*, do you to *Harry* ſo.
Who'd not obſerve a Preſident ſo fair,
To ſhave his Head, both of his Crown and Hair?
Delay not.—
Guiſe. Why? Delays pull on their fate;
Navar by *Rome* is excommunicate;
All his Eſtates are to the Conqu'rour given
By th' *Pope*, whoſe pow'r (they ſay) is deriv'd from Heav'n.
Card. If ſo, or no; let's leave it to the Schools.

Or

Or to the tender Conſciences of Fools.
Derive it whence he will, it has my Vote,
If it the ends of our deſigns promote.
Per. Now you are made, Sir, General of *France*.
And *Duke de Mayn*, your Brother, can advance
That Army, which for *Dauphin* was deſign'd;
And *Paris* with your intereſt is combin'd,
Sixteen Great Cities more your Party own;
And you, Sir, *Legat* of *Avignion*:
Whilſt thus ſecur'd, what need you doubt or fear?
Guiſe. I am reſolv'd the Aſſembly now to dare,
And make 'em utterly exclude *Navar*.
Car. Yield not in your demands, nor reaſon ſhew?
For any thing, but that you'l have it ſo.
Shew now your ſtrength, and carry ſuch a hand,
That tho you be not King, you may command.
Guiſe. I have enough, were I to reſt inclin'd;
Great is my fortune, greater is my mind.
My place in *France*, nay in the World is great,
Yet deſpicable in my own conceit.
To riſe ſtill higher ſeems but as a fall,
'Till I be gaz'd on, at the Top of all.
There could I ſit with a contented brow,
And nod down life and death to all below.
Car. All but the *Minions* and *Court-party* ſign'd
Our *League* as ſoon as offer'd.
Per. I've inclin'd
Moſt of the Guards.
Car. This very night let's ſeize upon the Court,
And then as things appear, our ſelves deport.
We'l take the King as eaſily from hence
To *Paris*, as of late we drove him thence.
Guiſe. The *Pope* this flaming Sword to me has given;
The Second flaming Sword e'r ſent from Heaven! [*Draws it.*
The Ghoſt of Hereſie before it flies,
As ſhadows vaniſh at the morning's riſe;
With this I'l guard the *Gallic* Paradice.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Court.*

Enter King, Gueſſle, Revol, Larchant, Grillon.

Gueſ. In the Broad-Street, that on the Northſide lies
Of the Great Church, I met the *Duke of Guiſe.*
He look'd upon me with a fierce diſdain,
His Guards were num'rous, numerous his Train.
I thought h'had gone to *Church*, but he paſt by;
It ſeems his bus'neſs does not that way lie.
Rev. Moſt part o' th' night until the riſing Sun,
The *Cardinal* from houſe to houſe has gone;
The leading perſons they have made their own.
King. You look on Kings, as Gods, who can beſtow
Happineſs on themſelves, and others too.
Cares and ſuſpitions but diſturb our breaſt,
We 're unacquainted with the ſweets of reſt.
'Tis true we ſhine in glory, and diſpence
Too oft' t' unthankful men our influence;
Who like ingrateful Fogs infeſt thoſe Skies,
And cloud that Sun to whom they owe their riſe.
Gril. Diſpel thoſe Fogs, and you will find all fair;
But thunder, Sir, and it will clear the air.
King. Jove in his hotteſt fury never throws
His Thunderbolts at once amongſt his Foes.
He ſtayes his time, but then he layes on load;
Rage, to no purpoſe, ill beſeems a God.
When Men are fit for judgement then's the time;
And Puniſhment is beſt when 't meets the crime.
Revol. Letters from *Paris* ſay they idolize,
As Demy-Gods, all of the Houſe of *Guiſe.*
The *Pulpits* are *State-Beacons*, wherein Flame
No other *Bouteſeus*, than *Guiſe*'s name.
Gueſ. France, like a Feveriſh body, may be ſaid,
Waſting with heats, which in it ſelf are bred.
King. 'Tis ſent me here the *Guiſes* ſtill prepare [*Shews a Pap.*
Pernicious Plots, which now in hatching are.
The Actors and contrivance are ſet down,

Their

Their aim is high, both at my Life and Crown.
Lar. Twenty o' th' Guards laſt night corrupted were
To ſieze, Sir, you, and all your Servants here.
King. Is it then ſo? we muſt prevention try;
All the means left for our ſecurity.
I have been ſlow and ſtaid ſo long a time,
To ſee if they'd repent 'em of their Crime.
And may be had ſtaid longer yet to try,
If *France* was not concern'd as much as I:
But *France* and I muſt fall, or they muſt die.
Gueſ. All gen'rous *Frenchmen* muſt conclude the ſame,
Who either love their Country, or their fame.
The Members, by the rule of Nature led,
Fence ev'ry blow, that's offer'd at the Head.
Rev. Sick States, like ſickly Bodies, muſt be freed
From thoſe ill humours which Diſtempers breed.
Purging and blooding muſt be us'd, 'tis beſt
To bleed ſome ounces, to preſerve the reſt.
Gril. What a ſtrange change now in my ſelf I find.
My raging ſtorm is laid, calm is my mind.
—Before——
Whilſt *Guiſe*'s greatneſs did ſo dreadful ſeem,
O Heavens! How did I long to cope with him.
But now that he muſt fall, I've chang'd my heart,
And would give Millions I could take his part.
His ru'nous fate (altho moſt juſt) does move
Me unto pity, almoſt unto Love.
O! that a Man ſo brave, ſo nobly born,
ſhould now become the Vulgar prate and ſcorn!
I at his puniſhment cannot repine;
—But that his foul deſign
Should doom him to another ſword than mine.
King. *Grillon*, thou art deceiv'd, his Head's too high
To ſtoop t' a Block: we have no time to try
The forms of Juſtice: Death is in delay;
Grillon, thy *King* or *Guiſe* muſt die to day.
Mine and thy Countries ſafety's in thy hand;
Thy Faith and Courage needs no more command.

Gril. May that blunt honesty to which I'm born
Hope pardon?
King. Grillon, I.
Gril. Then, Sir, I scorn
To do but what a Man of Honour shou'd:
In Battles I have lost and drawn some blood;
But that was for my Countries honour done;
And then in Duels I consult my own.
But here, Sir, to be plain, I scorn, I hate
To be an *Executioner of State*:
For whilst I kill a Man condemn'd to die,
I obey, but am a *Hangman* by the by.
King. Is this obedience?
Gril, Sir, if I obey
My Kings Commands in an ignoble way,
I am a Traytor to his Fame.
King. 'Tis true;
But who's the Judge of Honour, I or you?
Gril. You are its Fountain, Sir, it is confest,
But the true Judge is ev'ry Brave man's breast.
Let me give warning and denounce the War,
Mid'st all his Guards, I'l mine own Challenge bear;
And when that's done, I'le fight, I'le kill him there.
King. Well I shall find some help; or Heav'n will own
My Quarrel, and send aids of Thunder down.
My Brother of *Navar* by this does know
From *Plessis*, what is fit for him to do.
My Scoutes have brought me word he is in view;
Were he but here, I had no need of you.
Gril. You have no Subject dares to more than I,
In Courage, Honour, or in Loyalty:
But yet of Virtue I have such a sense,
In baseness he may have preheminence.
And yet, I think, his soul is so sublime,
That he would scorn the shadow of a crime;
And if he scorn'd not this, I should scorn him.
But when your *Grillon*, Sir, for you or *France*,
Dares not as far as Man did e'r advance.

When

When on Command, Sir, he denies to run
And clap his breaſt againſt a teeming Gun.
Or in your ſervice, when he does decline
To venture boldly on a ſpringing Mine:
Then think his Honour maſter'd by his fear,
And call him Coward in the buſ' neſs here.
King. Thou haſt a boiſt'rous, but a gallant Soul,
Which neither fear nor flatt'ry can controul.
Go, head the Guards till I new Orders ſend.
Larchant, ſee you prepare what I intend. [*Exeunt omnes præt.* Gril.
{*As* Grillon *is going*, Guiſe *and Cardinal meet him.*
Guiſe. Grillon, in honour thou canſt not deny
My fair requeſt; Art thou my Enemy?
I hear there's 'gainſt my life a combin'd Vow.
Gril. I was your Enemy, but am not now.
I ſcorn advantage, and a weaker Foe
Cannot be ſafer, than becauſe he's ſo.
Guiſe. I muſt believe it and thy Friendſhip prize;
Thou 'rt brave and honeſt.
Gril. Take then my advice:
If you have any crime own it betimes;
Great Men need fear no Enemies but Crimes.
Guiſe. From any Crimes, that have offended Heaven,
I need its Mercy to have them forgiven.
But as for any unto others done,
I ſcorn all Pardons. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*
Scene *changes to the Guard Chamber*; Larchant *and the Guard*, Guiſe *and Cardinal to 'em.*
My Lords, where is the King?
Gueſ. Within, Sir, there.
Guiſe. Larchant, make way.
Larch. You muſt not enter here.
Guiſe. Muſt not?
Larch. No, Sir, not till the King have done
Sending diſpatches, which he will have ſoon.
Card. Moſt brave! When Hereticks and Minions may
Enter the Cabinet and we two ſtay.

Enter

Enter Revol.

Rev. The King, Sir, did not your attendance know,
Pleaſe to walk in.

Larch. Here, Sir, you muſt not go. [*Stops him.*

Car. Not go?

Lar. Not this way, Sir, but that you may;
Theſe Lords will wait on you.

Car. Then lead the way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Claſhing of weapons within: Then enter Guiſe *and ſix armed* Guards, *fighting.*

Guiſe. Perfidious Dogs! my Courage tho aſſures,
Guiſe cannot fall by ſuch baſe hands as yours.
Two Raſcal lives makes not the purchaſe good; *Two fall.* Guiſe
For one ſmall drop of *Charlemain*'s rich blood. *bleeds.*
Theſe Cowards, like the *Hydra*'s Heads increaſe; *Enter more and*
And I Stand yet the *Gallic Hercules.* *fight* Guiſe *bleeds*
Stand whilſt I geet ſome breath, ye Murderers ſtand,
Obſerve! I do not beg it, I command. [*Gives them a point.*
That Crown'd *Aſſaſſin* tell, who ſet you on,
This Act has but perform'd what I'd have done;
It has unking'd him, and the Crime's his own.
I conquer dying; murder'd, not o'rcome: [*Leans on's Sword.*
Lawrels not Cypreſs muſt o'r ſpread my Tomb,
Ten of his armed Guards were not enow;
Had I been arm'd, you all had been too few.
Altho I murder'd am the way's not mean; [*Faints.*
A King my Murd'rer, and his Court the Scene.
Bid *Valois* boaſt the acts of all his Race,
To whet his Courage; yet to his diſgrace
He durſt not look me dying in the face. [*Fals and dies.*

Larch. Thoſe angry groans, he at his farewel ſends,
Are like fierce blaſts juſt when a Tempeſt ends,
His blood his reſtleſs Spirits now has laid;
As bluſt'ring Storms by falling Show'rs are laid:
So Lyon's when their raging fury's gone,
Fly to the darkeſt ſhades and there lie down.
Convey this Body hence. [*Enter* Revol.

Rev. Which are the two. [*Two of them ſteps out. He ſhews the Order.*

Here

Here is your Order what you are to do:
All elſe be gone. The *Cardinal of Guiſe*
Inſtead of begging Pardon, does deſpiſe.
Speaks dang'rous words againſt both King and State,
Which haſtens and deſerves this timeleſs fate. [*Exeunt.*

Guards bring in the Cardinal and leave him. The other two Enter with Swords drawn, He Eyes 'em ſeriouſly, and ſteps towards 'em.

Card. I do not like their looks! Their words I'l try. [*Aſide.*
What come you for?

1 *Sould.* To tell you, you muſt dye.

Card. And ſo muſt you. Nay (what is more) be damn'd,
If you perform what you have tak'n in hand.

2 *Sould.* It is not our Profeſſion to diſpute:
The King commands us, Sir, and we muſt do't.

Card. What pow'r has he o'r me? Or whence does't come?
We're free from Kings when we depend on *Rome*.
When Kings preſume to do what is not fit,
Popes Subjects can from their Allegiance quit.
Should he command, you ſhould your faith deny?
Or bid you ſpit defiance at the ſky,
Would you obey?
Lucifer ſtruck at Heav'n, your Crime's the ſame;
And you'l be damn'd to full as hot a flame.

1 *Sould.* I will not do't.--

Card. A gracious pardon, thou ſhalt have from *Rome*,
For all offences paſt, and all to come. [*Exit.* 1 Souldier.
Friend, what ſay'ſt thou?

2 *Sould.* Troth, Sir, I'd lend an Ear,
If for your ſelf, you could find Pardon here.
But ſuch fantaſtick hopes I dare not try;
Beſides I'm hyr'd to do't.—

Card. Then I muſt dye—
A mercinary Soul is fit to do
All crimes the Devil ever tempted to.
'Tis known that Pow'r which Heav'n and Earth obey,
A ſlave (like thee) did for a bribe betray. [*Souldier kills him.*

[*Scene cloſes.*

Explicit Act. III. ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE. I. *Camp at St.* Clou *before* Paris.

Enter King, Gueſile, Revol, Larchant, *Commanders, Guards.*

King. HEre at St. *Clou* we'l ſtreiten ſo the Town,
'Twill either famiſht be, or yielded ſoon.
Our forces joyn'd, we will not wait the time,
But let our fury looſe to meet their crime.
Rev. Sir, I was much amaz'd, and well might be,
To hear their inſolence and treachery.
Gueſ. There's nothing can more ſtubbornneſs reveal
Than foul Rebellion, varniſht o'r with zeal.
Larch. Who'd think that *Paris* ſhould be thus ſuborn'd
By Traytors, with your Trophies ſo adorn'd?
Rev. Perhaps they will obedient prove and wiſe,
And take the favour, Sir, of your advice.
King. To hope a Remedy muſt needs be vain,
Whilſt her ill humours are kept up by *Mayn.*
Seditions, like great Torrents, riſe and fall
According to the Brooks, they're fed withal
Enter a Commander haſtily.
What news with thee? What brings thee from thy Poſt?
1 *Com.* We're beaten from it, Sir, and all is loſt.
I kept the Guard againſt *Saint Michel's* gate,
The moſt ſuſpitious place to ſally at:
When ſoon *Aumale* made that ſuſpition good,
And ſally'd briſkly which whilſt we withſtood,
Du Mayns whole Army fell into our Reer,
Routs us and now puts all the Camp in fear.
Rev. We are betray'd! The Scouts elſe had not fail'd.
King. Kings ſhould aſſail, but never be aſſail'd.
[*Draws his Sword.*
All draw, as going out met with Officers.
2 *Com.* Freſh Squadrons compaſs us, and we are loſt
3 *Com.* A choſen Troop comes to attack this Poſt.
Gueſ. Then we are dead!

King.

King. But we will bravely dye.
O that I had an equal Enemy!
My Sword then would not bluſh in ſuch baſe Stains,
But boaſt the Scarlet of a *Duke of Mayns.*
All marching out. Grillon *meets 'em with Guards.*
Gril. All dangers paſt. The Enemy is beat:
Who into *Paris* tho made his retreat.
King. Succeſs attends thy Sword, and all muſt flye
When *Grillon* fights.
Gril. Death, Sir, It was not I!
O'r pow'r'd by Numbers, which I ſcorn'd to ſhun,
I vainly ſtrove, when by a hand unknown
They routed were, and *Grillon* quite outdone.
I would have ſooner dy'd, nay rather fled,
Then once have ſeem'd, as tho I ſtood in need.
Enter Navar *with* Mayns *Banner and Souldiers.*
Nav. This Signal of my Service, as my due
To Majeſty, I here, Sir, offer you,
King. Brave Conqu'rour! I embrace thee; Come more nigh.
[*Imbraces,*
I owe my Life to thee.
Gril. And ſo do I.
I would not ſay't, but *Grillon* cannot lye.
King. Put up thy Cask, and let thy ſelf appear. [*Puts it up.*
Bleſt fate! It is my *Brother of Navar.* [*Embraces him.*
You and my joyes at once from me were torn,
As now with you, I hope, they will return.
When they firſt gain'd that maſt'ry by their art,
They baniſht you the Court, themſelves my Heart.
Nav. Theſe gracious words, Sir, all my deeds outdo,
Altho I can perform as much as you.
For their own ſakes, I wiſh they had been free
From thoſe offences, they impos'd on me.
King. You heard their Plots then?
Pleſ. Sir, I all declar'd
Both what I had in charge, and what I heard.
Nav. I heard it all, Sir, and in doubts am loſt.
Which was your danger, or your patience moſt.

So long to ſtay, ſeem'd Heav'n to tempt, or dare;
And yet if you had ſooner been ſevere,
That had ſeem'd cruelty, which was but care.
But tho the *Guiſe's* fall ſecure the State;
I yet regret their loſs and mourn their fate.
For had they grateful been, as Heav'n was kind,
And not deprav'd th' indowments of the mind;
They had deſerv'd whatever they deſir'd,
Altho their haughty Souls to Crowns aſpir'd.
King, Sir, their Ambition, on a falſe pretence,
Deluded both their reaſon, and their ſenſe.
As oft' we ſee Heav'n's ſelf is pleas'd to blind
Their judgements, who to ruin are deſign'd.
Like Conjurers deceiv'd, they ſtood amaz'd,
And periſht by that ſtorm themſelves had rais'd.
Rev. Thoſe Comets, tho they blaz'd away their flame,
Left Plagues t' infeſt the place from whence they came.
Gueſ. Their Treaſon like Infection flyes about,
And where an object's fit, ſoon finds it out.
King. *Grillon* is ſad.
Gril. And muſt be, till I give
A greater favour, than I did receive.
I have a Courage, that diſdains to be
Conquer'd, altho it be with Courteſie.
Nav. Doſt thou my Duty and ſucceſs diſdain?
King. Thy humour is ingrateful now, as vain.
Gril. No greater joy can e're poſſeſs my mind,
Then to ſee you, Sir, and my Maſter joyn'd.
France now like ancient *Rome* may boaſt her fate,
Since *Fabius and Marcellus* guard her State.
King. Slow are the *Engliſh* aids that we expect.
Nav. Neceſſity's the cauſe, and not neglect.
Gueſ. *Th' invincible Armada* makes 'em ſlow.
Nav. Farewel the Navy, and the Title too.
King. Speak what you heard.
Nav. The very night before
I marcht, this Captain from the Governour [*Points to him*,
of *Calais*, brought account of all was done.

King.

King. I long to hear't.
Nav. Speak what to you is known. [*T'th' Captain.*
Cap. The Navy *Neptunes* ſhoulders did oppreſſe,
As much too bulky for thoſe narrow Seas.
This monſter vaſt (with hundred wings ſupply'd,
Whoſe ſtretcht-out Horns were more than two leagues wide.)
Sail'd to the *Engliſh* with a motion ſlow,
For its great weight oppreſt Old *Æclus* ſo,
He and his winds had ſcarcely breath to blow.
When th' *Engliſh* (valianter perchance than wiſe)
Bravely defi'd 'em ſcorning a ſurpriſe.
But a *Defiance* that their rage became;
Whoſe words were Bullets, and whoſe breath was flame.
Sev'n days thus bravely they the *Spaniard* dar'd;
Nothing but Lightning ſeen, and Thunder heard.
It ſeem'd the end o'th' World, for all was fire;
And in that faith the *Spaniard* did expire.
King. The brav'ry of theſe *Engliſh* are ſo great,
It is no ſhame that us ſo oft they beat.
The *Gallic* brav'ry and *Spaniſh* pride
Being conquer'd, they may conquer all beſide.
Nav. That *Britiſh Heroine*, without controul,
Aſſerts the truth, no Sex is in the ſoul.
Valiant and wiſe as *Pallas* does appear;
A Goddeſs arm'd with beauty and a Spear.
King. Declare the laſt fate of the *Spaniſh Fleet.*
Cap. Near to your *Calais*, Sir, it made retreat;
But 'ſcap'd not ſo, juſt in the dead of night
The *Spaniards* ſaw a ſtrange and dreadful ſight:
Eight *moving Fires* upon the ſea did glide,
And came upon 'em both with wind and Tyde.
Some thought 'em *Fire-Drakes*, for one *Drake* they knew,
And by him gueſt what eight ſuch Drakes might do.
Others ſuppos'd the Fates, t' attend their fall,
Had lighted Torches for their Funeral.
Tumult and fear in each ſhip did begin;
Great danger! Whilſt the Tempeſt was within.
Each ſhip endeavouring not to ſtay behind,

Fled on the Wings of fear and of the Wind.
The ſhatter'd Fleet like moulting Eagles fled,
And loſt ſome Feathers at each flight ſhe made.
France, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Flanders*, *Holland* boaſts
The ſev'ral Ships ſurpriz'd upon their Coaſts.
The *Britiſh Lyons* glutted, took their reſts,
Vouchſafing Offals to the leſſer Beaſts.

Nav. Thus in a word th' effects of ſeven years coſt,
By *Engliſh* valour in ſeven days were loſt.

King. The World ſhall never, nor has ever ſeen
A braver Nation, or a braver Queen.
Her Neighbours juſtly may receive her Law.
Since ſhe rules thoſe who keep the World in awe.
But let us leave the noiſe of theſe Alarms;
'Tis fit ev'n ſometimes to repoſe from Arms.
Within the Walks we may releaſements find.

Nav. But where, O where, Sir, for a Captiv'd mind?

King. If Beauty can avail, I'll ſhow you thoſe
Shall do't.

Nav. But they may prove more dang'rous foes.
Yet guided, Sir, by you; I *Venus* dare,
Tho in her threatning Beauties ſhe appear,
Nay tho ſhe bring along the *God of War*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II. *A Garden, with Arbors and Walks.*

Enter Chateauneuf, Bonneval.

Bon. ALl mankind's falſe; there's none can keep a vow.
The King is full as falſe as *Grillon* now:
I am unwilling to diſturb your reſt——
But, Madam, he's unworthy of your breaſt.

Chat. That's no news *Bonneval.* But whence this change?

Bon. Dear *Chateauneuf* his Soul is ſtill ſo ſtrange,
He does——
Like wanton Boys after vain ſhadows range.

Chat. His empty hopes of ſhadows will not laſt;
When he purſues 'em, they will flye as faſt.

Bon.

Bon. But firſt the ſubſtance may create a fear,
And ſhe this very hour is to be here.
Her by ſome chance *the Duke of Guiſe* did gain;
Wh' eſcap'd that fatal day, when he was ſlain.
Betray'd to *Larchant*, he the King poſſeſt
With ſuch vain thoughts, that kept him ſince from reſt.
This is the Beauty, that has wrong'd us ſo.
Chat. Bonneval, from theſe walks we will not go;
Lets ſtay and make Diſcov'ries of the Foe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Larchant.

King. Now, *Larchant*, now my thoughts have room to move:
Streiten'd with bus'neſs, now I turn to Love.
Haſt thou with thy great beauty ſo prevail'd
To come from *Blois*?
Lar. I could not do't. But, Sir,
I have preſum'd to ſend a Guard for her.
King. Thou haſt done well.
Lar. But what does moſt ſurprize;
That *Pericart* (late Secretary to *Guiſe*)
Tels me the Lady, ſent for now by me,
Is that rare Beauty *Gabriel de Eſtree*:
Ten times more beautiful than this we have;
And how 'tis her that *Grillon* did enſlave.
King. More beautiful than her thou prais'd to me.
Lar. She's more than any Angel, if ſhe be.
King. Her I'le ſee firſt. Wait 'til ſhe do appear.
Lar. Sir, by this time I know ſhe's very near. [*Exit.*

Enter Grillon.

King. Grillon, thy Clouds yet on thy Brows do dwell.
Gril. I want my Sun that elſe would them diſpel.
I with a tempeſt do not threaten *France*,
Since clouds appear in ev'ry countenance;
Miſtruſtful whiſpers and ſuſpitious Eyes:
So ſtorms oft' follow huſht and gloomy skys.
King. I knew a time when court and Courtiers vy'd
With pleaſant *May* in all her checker'd, pride.
An univerſal joy then fill'd each place,
And bleſt content did ſmile in ev'ry face.

Each

Each boſome then like Chryſtal did appear,
And all our very thoughts tranſparent were.
Friendſhip and love enjoy'd a happy reign;
Friends baniſht doubts, as Ladies did diſdain.
Gril. But now, as they ſome battle would decide,
They into Parties ſeverally divide:
A certain ſign of Faction and of hate,
Thoſe growing Cankers of a falling State.
But better things, I hope, Sir, from your fate.
King. Let State alone, and let us talk of Love.
Gril. I cannot Sir,
King. Thy conſtancy I'le prove.
Thy Miſtreſs, *Grillon*, was to *Guiſe* betray'd,
And ever ſince at his apartment ſtaid.
Larchant is ſent for her.
Gril. Your pardon, Sir.
Death, I will kill him if he look at her.
She is not ſafe with him, nor fit to be
Under his Guard.
King. And yet he ſerves for me.
Gril. True, Sir, for Kings are arm'd with ſacred awe;
Beſides they are guarded by that *Giant Law.*
And tho you all keep Guards, yet Wiſemen grant
You have 'em more for Pomp than any want.
King. Well *Grillon*, go, you're in Commiſſion joyn'd;
Conduct her whither *Larchant* was aſſign'd. [*Exit* Grillon.
He waits without. How *Chateauneuf*!

Enter Chateauneuf, Bonneval.

Chat. Your heart
Would be no Preſent if you give but part.
That little ſhare I had, I here reſign,
But ah, no part of it was ever mine!
King. Say not ſo, *Chateneuf*, it is all thine,
Chat. It may be ſo till *Larchant* brings his Prize,
But then it ſoon, Sir, to another flyes,
Like wanton Children taken with new toyes,
You have left certain for uncertain joyes.

Enter.

Enter Larchant *and* Armida. *The* King *to her.*

King. If I was bold becauſe for you I ſent;
Madam, I hope, you'l pardon the intent:
I was uneaſie til I ſet you free.

Armi. I muſt eſteem, Sir, my Captivity,
Which has obtain'd the glory of your aid.

King. Kings may be proud to ſerve ſo fair a Maid.
Did you meet *Grillon*, *Larchant*?

Lar. Sir not we,
I wonder what's the cauſe he ſeeks for me.
H' inquires of every one that paſſes by,
Haſt's in his ſteps, and fury in his Eye.

Enter Grillon *ſpeaking.*

Gril. What e're I ſeek of late I cannot find.
I or my Fortune, one o' th' two is blind.
Death was there no man to affront but I? [*to* Larchant.
I will not kill thee tho, whilſt he is by. [*Points at the King.*
How like you, Sir, my choice? you'l take my Word } *to the King*
Henceforth about a Face, as 'bout a Sword.

King. *Grillon*, ſhe looks as tho ſhe knew you not.

Gril. Pray mind, Madam, is *Grillon* then forgot? [*to* Armida.

Armi. What mean you Sir?

Gril. Death, Madam, who are you?
You are a Stranger.

Armi. So are you, Sir, too.
You'r all mistaken in the *Duke of Guiſe*;
I was not aim'd at 'twas a Nobler Prize.
Sir, if you pleaſe, the Secret I'le impart, } *To the King.*
And tell you where that Duke beſtow'd his heart. } *They aſide.*

Bon. Madam, the clouds from both our hearts are clear'd

Chat. The Foe's not half ſo dreadful as we fear'd.

Bon. You need no more be jealous, than the Sun
When ſome pert Star intrudes its ſelf at Noon.

King leaves Armida *and ſends* Larchant *to her they diſcourſe.*

King. Madam I neither have, nor will give proof } *Here* Gril.
Of jealouſie to Beauteous *Chateaumenf.* } *alſo &* Bon.

Chat. Great beauties only Jealouſie ſhould raiſe, } *aſide. he*
Such beauties as our very Sex muſt praiſe. } *ſoon leaves.*

But

But when falſe Lovers to inferiours fly;
Diſdain's more proper far than Jealouſie.
Gril. Larchant thy hand again, thou haſt my heart.
'Twas a miſtake made my reſentments tart. [*they ſhake hands.*
With the revengeful World in this I'm even,
I ſeldome Pardons aſk, as they are given.
King. Grillon ſince this Lady you declare
You've no concern at all, Pray leave us here.
Larchant with ſpeed let me my mind obtain. } *Exeunt* Grillon
For I'l ſtay here, until you come again. } *and* Larchant.
Madam, this Lady merits her advance } *Shows* Chateauneuf
To my eſteem as unto thoſe of *France.* } *to* Armida.
Armid. She both deſerves.
Chat. Madam, if that be true,
I here more juſtly own them as your due.
Ling. Dear *Chateneuf*, may I a Song obtain.
It is a favour that I beg to gain.
Chat. You may command, and beſt of all can tell,
That I ſing true, altho I ſing not well.

SONG.

With amourous wiles and perjur'd eyes
Falſe Damon *did me move,*
Like Charming Winds his kindling ſighs
Firſt fann'd me into Love.
My thriving Paſſion he did feed,
Whilſt it was young and ſlight,
But ah! when there was greateſt need,
Alas he ſtarves it quite!

Was ever more injuſtice known,
O Damon, *prithee ſay;*
To ſit my heart for thee alone,
And caſt it now away.
Henceforth my Paſſion I ſhall hate.
'Cauſe it gain'd none for me;
Yet love it too (ſuch is my fate)
Becauſe it was for thee.

The

Thy Heart I never will upbraid,
Altho it mine did kill,
Ah! Think upon an injur'd Maid
That's forc'd to Love thee ſtill.
But Juſtice may the Tables turn
In vindicating me;
And thou with equal torments burn
For one who Loves not Thee.

Enter Larchant *handing in* Gabriel.

Larch. Behold, Sir, more than all your *France* can boaſt.
King. A Beauty wherein Nature ſpar'd no coſt.
No Mortal ſure!
Gab. Sir, your poor ſubject born.
King. Fair, ſweet and freſher than a Summers morn. [*Salutes her.*
Has *France* ſuch treaſures in't? Let haughty *Spain*
Ne'r boaſt her Quarries, nor her Mines again.
Gab. Great Princes, Sir, ſometimes low ſubjects raiſe;
As you are pleas'd to lift me up with praiſe.
It ſpeaks your pow'r, and humours your great mind,
To ſhow what you can do, when you're inclin'd.
King. Let not my ſudden Love make it ſeem leſs,
Becauſe the greateſt things have their increaſe.
Perfection, Madam (and that's only you)
Can free a heart at firſt, and keep it true.
Gab. Loves at firſt ſight, like inflam'd follies are;
Seem like to Stars i'th' Sky, but fix not there.
King. If in this cruelty you ſtill proceed,
You'l make my Love a Meteor then indeed:
They threaten miſery to all beneath,
And ſeldome blaze, but 'gainſt a Prince's death.
O *Chateauneuf*, thy goodneſs I muſt try;
I either muſt inconſtant prove, or dy.
Chat. Your change inſtead of blame has my applauſe,
Since now inconſtant for ſo good a Cauſe.
Your pardon, Sir, I am inconſtant too,
And now will change my Love, as well as you.

Heav'n is my choice, who would for Lovers care,
When Kings inconſtant, or elſe mortal are?
Come, *Bonneval*, aſſociate of my Vow.
Bon. Madam, I never thought of this 'till now.
I'l wait upon you tho, till I be fit;
When that will be, Heav'n knows, but 'tis not yet.
Chat. Come, *Bonneval*, let's from the Court retire,
Where ſatisfaction never meets deſire;
Where raging Paſſions all our Souls diſtreſs,
Searching for pleaſures that can never pleaſe;
Where one of thoſe great Torments always move,
Either to be belov'd, or elſe to Love. [*Exeunt.* Chat. *and* Bon.
Gab. Your pardon, Sir, have I my freedome here?
King. Free as your thoughts.
Gab. Then, Sir, I muſt declare——
My Love is tender conſcienc'd, as I am,
And ne'r will enter on anothers claim.
Whilſt there are Free-Eſtates enow to buy,
I'l ne'r a controverted Title try;
Nor build on others ruines.
King. yet 'tis known,—
Rome (that the Empire of the World did own)
From others leſs Eſtates its own did raiſe.
Gab. But muſt ſucceſs legitimate our praiſe?
Then *Cæſar*, Sir, may be accounted juſt,
Wh' inſlav'd that *Rome* to Tyranny and Luſt.
King. Madam, that way my Love ſhall ne'r proceed:
Rather than raiſe your bluſh, my heart ſhall bleed.
Gab. I ſee my ſafety through your vertue ſhine;
Your honour is ſecurity for mine.
King. Madam, to gain the honour of your Love,
By ſervices and Pray'rs I'l only move:
And thoſe obtain all bleſſings from above.
[*Exeunt.* King, Larchant.
Gab. My better half! I have not thee imbrac'd. [*Imbraces.*
Arm. Our miſeries, I hope, are well near paſs'd.
Thoughts of your fate (methinks) a doubt does bring,
Whether your Stars or beauty gain'd the King.

Gab.

Gab. You have forgot. He muſt my State advance,
Who is not now, but ſhall be *King of France.*
But this crown'd Man, or that ſhall never move
My faithful Paſſion, from my unknown Love.
He has left one here ſo lawfully poſſeſt,
Will grant admittance to no other Gueſt.
I'm all inflam'd and ſcorch'd ſo with deſire,
I have not fuel for another fire.

Arm. Madam, ſome happy turn you now muſt have;
For when Heav'n did you from that Ruine ſave,
It vouch'd a future bleſſing: Thus when night
Is paſt, we may expect the morning light.

Gab. Come, let us walk, and ſome cloſe Arbour find,
And thou ſhalt hear ſome workings of my mind;
A Song I made, for my ſad fate deſign'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Navar.

Nav. Thy Conqueſt, Love, how far wilt thou purſue?
What wilt thou triumph o'r my ruines too;
Is't not enough to ſtorm and take the Town,
Nay plunder too, but thou wilt burn it down?
Cupid before ne'r ſhow'd ſuch pow'rful charms,
To fix his Trophies in the midſt of Arms.
Courage and Glory claim'd in me a part,
Yet He out-rival'd both and won my heart.
'Midſt Swords and Death he at his Prey did fly,
And ſeiz'd on't in the face of Victory.
But tho I may be of my Conqu'rour proud,
Yet I, *Ixion* like, ſtill court a Cloud.

Enter Grillon, Navar *not ſeeing him.*

I Love I know not whom; my Love is blind,
And ſeeks about for one it cannot find.

Gril. We'r both betwitch'd then, for 'tis my fate too;
And I am, Sir, as much to ſeek as you.

Nav. I'th' Wood at *Blois*, where thou didſt take my part,
I got the Victory, but loſt my heart

Gril. Death, Sir, and ſo did I.

Nav. Her I adore

Deſerv'd all admiration.

Gril. Mine did more.

Nav. Her beauty did above all others ſhine;
She was ſome Angel.

Gril. So I doubt was mine.
For ſhe is flown from Earth.

Nav. So is mine too. —
Let's make ſtrict ſearch. —

Gril. Sir, I will wait on you.
'Twould be a plaguy Spite tho, when all's known,
If both theſe beauties, Sir, ſhould prove but one.

They hear the tuning of a voice, and Eſſays at a Tune. Navar *ſteals out towards the Arbour.* Gril. *ſteps and liſſens to this* —

SONG by *Gabril* unſeen.

Love ſhot himſelf into my breaſt like flame;
And ſoon as ever there he came,
My heart was all in fire:
Nothing ſo ſcorching as Deſire!
Yet in thoſe flames I fry:
And tho I ev'ry minute try,
I cannot, cannot, oh! I cannot dy!

Like Love I'm blind, ſtark blind, although I ſee;
No object fits my Eyes but He.
I had him once in view;
When like departing breath he flew.
Each night I wiſhing lie,
Waſting my ſoul in every Sigh;
Yet cannot, cannot, oh! I connot dy!

My Soul can never from my Body part,
'Til I find him who has my heart.
When I that bleſſing ſpy,
O I betwixt his Arms could dy!
But 'till I be poſſeſt
Of joys that now are only gueſt,
I cannot, cannot, oh! I cannot reſt!

Gril. My Ears are now bewitch'd as were my Eyes;
And I muſt love that beauty, and this voice.

Sup-

Suppoſe they ſhould be parted! I'd be loath
To have but one of them; Faith, I'l have both. [*Exit.*

Enter Gabriel *and* Armida. Navar *follows and ſtops* Gabriel.

Nav. O! Madam, I upon my knees implore,
That you would let me look a little more;
I ne'r to any purpoſe look'd before

Enter Grillon.

Gab. Your Eyes were ill imploy'd then.
Gril. Death, 'tis true;
This is the Voice, and this the Beauty too.
Where have thoſe Eys been hid, or where have mine;
That all this time I could not ſee 'em ſhine?
Armi. You love her voice, you lov'd her Eys before.
Gril. I love her voice, her Eyes, I love all o'r.
Was not my Judgment right, Sir, this is ſhe!
Nav. I, *Grillon*; nay the world muſt rival thee.
Madam I've ſeen you.
Gab. Bleſs me! who are you. } *She faints in*
I am not wel — Methinks I've ſeen you too. } Armid. 's *arms.*
Nav. O for ſome Cordials! *Grillon*, run, nay fly.
Gril. You're younger, Sir, and nimbler far than I:
I'm ſlow; and e'r I come, Sir, ſhe may dy.
Nav. Madam look up, a King upon his knee } *Kneels on one*
Begs you would live. } *ſide of her.*
Gril. But Madam live for me. [*He on the other.*
Gab. Your Pardon, Sir, this Poſture does ſurprize. } *comes to*
Nav. Are you well Madam? } *her ſelf.*
Gab. Yes, Sir, if you riſe [*She takes him up, he holds her hand.*
Gril. Your pardon, Sir: tho I did freedome give
Whilſt ſhe was dead, I muſt not if ſhe live. [*he takes th' other.*
Nav. Forfeit not my reſpects; for, *Grillon*, know
There is ſome difference 'twixt me and you.
Gril. Although I want a Crown that glittering thing,
Yet I can love as much as can a King.
Gab. A King! I am amaz'd at what I hear!
Who are you, Sir?
Nav. Madam, I am *Navar.*
Gab. Both you and I ſhould greater rev'rence bring. [*to* Gril.
Grillon.

Gril. Death! 'tis not my fault that I am no King.
Nav. But 'tis your fault that one no more you know.
Gab. And, *Grillon*, one that may be King o'r you.
Gril. When that time comes, I'l give him what is due.
I'l keep up mine, and yet reſpect his height;
And not be baffl'd tho I muſt not fight.
Nav. There are enow your Valour, Sir, to try:
Du Mayn's a fitter match for you, than I.
Honour and duty ſhould your Actions move;
Your duty is to fight, but not to love.
Gril. How Int'reſt differs? yours does this way move,
Grillon muſt fight, but *Grillon* muſt not love;
For ought you know now, mine may differ quite;
If *Grillon* may not love, he will not fight.
Yet greater pow'rs than Kings, do both allow;
Venus and *Mars* (they ſay) have joyn'd e'r now.
I'l humour then my courage and in ſpite
Of King I'l love, and ſpite of love I'l fight.

Enter Revol.

Rev. The King, Sir, wants you, your Inſtructions ſtay.
You muſt to *Paris*.
Gril. I'l not ſtir to day.
Rev. Your Equipage is fit; and you muſt go
Gril. ——Muſt.——
Thrice happy thoſe who no obedience know!
Gab. Diſpleaſe not, Sir, the King with your delay;
Unleſs you could pleaſe others with your ſtay.
Gril. How! ſlighted, Woman! wouldſt thou have me go?
I will forſake thee and avenge me ſo. [*Offers it.*
Thou haſt loſt more, than e're thy Sex yet gain'd;
My ſelf I value, now I am diſdain'd.
I leave thee firſt, doing my Spirit right,
Which makes me ſcorn, where e're I find a ſlight.
[*Exit.* Gril. *and* Rev.
Nav. His boſſom with a ſtubborn heart is fill'd,
Which neither can to love, or beauty yield.
Your Pardon for this queſtion I implore,
Madam, did you ne'r ſee *Navar* before?

Gab.

Gab. Yes, in the Wood. To you my life I owe.
Nav. O be ſo kind now, to requite me ſo.
Welcome bleſt hour! for which ſo long I pray'd;
And for which only, here my Soul had ſtaid.
Bleſt minute! How I needed thy relief?
My ſoul was ſhrunk, and I was ag'd with grief.
O, Madam! Since you vaniſht from my Eyes,
I've breath'd away my ſoul in amorous ſighs.
E're Since your fair *Idæa*, like a Ghoſt,
Haunted my ſleeps, my dreams it haunted moſt.
Madam, in Dreams I've ſeen and ſpoke to you;
And oh! Sometimes methought I kiſt you too!
Gab. But Lovers dreams you know are ſeldom true. [*Smiles.*
Nav. Nothing, ah, nothing can my joyes ſecure,
Unleſs you ſay my happineſs is ſure.
Gab. If, Sir, I could of ſuch a thing admit;
Our young Acquaintance is not ripe for't yet.
Love (I have heard) like Wiſdome is convey'd;
And by long tryals of ſucceſſions made.
Nav. O Madam, leave ſuch Arguments as theſe;
That cannot be true Love, which can increaſe.
Love like perfection 's always at a ſtay;
For that which can increaſe, muſt needs decay.
Gab. Love Preaching is like other Preaching grown;
Manag'd by art, more than Devotion.
Nav. Preaching I know helps little our affairs;
We rather ſhould betake us to our prayers.
And if you cannot think I'l faithful be,
A King begs your belief upon his knee. [*Kneels.*
Gab. Riſe, Sir, oh riſe! Confound me not with ſhame.
[*Takes him up.*
Nav. O that your bluſh ſprung from an inward flame!
Gab. A grateful flame Heav'n kindles in my breaſt;
Which ſhines quite through my Cheeks —
Sir, I can ſpeak no more, I'l bluſh the reſt.
Nav. I ne'r can merit this, nor dare beg more;
Only this thing, Dear Madam, I implore:
Before you give me truſt, be pleas'd to try

My

My Services, and tempt my Conſtancy.
Then when my Crown of Truth does brighter ſhine
Than that of Gold, I beg you would be mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Royal Bed-Chamber.*

The Scene opens and ſhows the King aſleep on's Couch; Murder (perſonated) riſes from the ſtage, with three Furies on one ſide and three Fiends on the other, all of 'em menacing him: at laſt Murder ſteps towards him and ſpeaks.

Mur. I was in faſhion once, and bore more ſway
I'th' Reigns of *Nero* and *Caligula*.
As th' *Chriſtian Faith* increas'd, I took my flight;
My blood-ſhot Eyes being dazled at it's light.
In the old *World* I little had to do,
Until kind *Spain* imploy'd me in the *New*.
There did I triumph over millions ſlain;
Murder was then the *Cath'lick Soveraign*!
I for ſometime there made my Empire good,
'Till almoſt famiſht thence for want of blood.
In *France* I then did new imployment gain;
A brave imployment in thy Brother's Reign!
When forty thouſand in one night were ſlain.
Fool'd by Repentance now thou layeſt me by!
—But know——
Furies and Fiends will not be fool'd, as I.

Then the Furies and Fiends dance about the King in menacing poſtures; but ſuddenly ſhew a fear at the appearance of his Guardian-Angel, that flyes down with a flaming Sword, and interpoſes 'twixt the King and them.

Angel. I come fro'th' Fountain of Eternal light,
Whoſe gloomy'ſt ray is ſomething more than bright.
Order'd by Fate (which is the will of Heaven)
This Royal-charge here, to my care is given [*Points at th' King.*
I am his Sentinel; yet truely boaſt
My ſelf a Leader in the Starry Hoaſt.
For willingly we leave our bleſt abodes,

To

To yield attendance on these earthly Gods.
Avaunt you Sons of Night! Down to your Hell, [*They descend.*
Where onely fit Companions for you dwell,
Such aëry *Phantoms*, that possess with fear
The souls of common dreamers, come not here.
Those thin Inhabitants o'th' brain must fly
Before the peircing vertue of mine Eye.
Thus will I guard him from all kinds of fear—
[*Waving his Sword o'r him.*
Yet tremble now my self at what comes there

Vengeance (personated) descends in a bright Cloud; his Arm stript, holding a bloody Sword. Looking fiercely, about his Lips bloody, steps to the King and interposes his Sword, the Angel offers defence..

Veng. In vain thou striv'st to hinder my design;
For my Commission is more large than thine.
To that great Pow'r I my obedience owe,
At whose command Stars fall and Angels bow.
Thy Guard was helpful once, but now too late:
[*Puts th' Angel by.*
In vain! in vain! There is no fence for fate
Legions of Angels cannot bring him aid;
My Name is *Vengeance* and I must be paid.
[*Strikes the King with his Sword.*

The Angel first flies up, then Vengeance ascends in the Chariot, and the Scene closes.

Explicit Act. IV.

ACT. V. SCENE. I. *The Camp.*

Enter King, Grillon, *Guards.*

King. IS *Paris* yet so stubborn not to yeild?
Gril. As stiff as Iron with Rebellion steel'd.
If you would make her bend to your desire,
Nothing must make her ductile, Sir, but fire.
King. What's thy advice?

Gril. To ſtorm this waſpiſh Town,
And with your Cannon beat her bulworks down;
Then burn 'em in their neſts; till they expire
Such flaming breaths, as may augment the fire.

King. But may not we yet force her to repent?

Gril. Not whilſt this Love is made in ev'ry Tent.
Great hopes! When two great Kings cannot ſubdue
One Woman!

King. Why? She alſo worſted you.

Gril. She did my Soul ſurprize, but not defeat;
But Souldier like, I made good my retreat.
I Lov'd as hotly as did he, or you;
Nay, faith, as much as both of you could do.
Yet I maintain'd my ſpirit at its hieght,
And caſt her by, when I perceiv'd a ſlight.

King. A ſlight, a favour is to what I try!
I ſee a *Rival*, more belov'd than I:
But ſhe ſhall now Love me, or caſt him by.
Wait her in *Grillon.*

Gril. Sir, I am not inclin'd
There to pay ſervice, where no Love I find;
But I'l ſend *Larchant* in, whoſe mean Soul moves
So low, as to help all men in their Loves. [*Exit.* Grillon.

King. Has all my Love and Courtſhip then prov'd vain?
If any thing, this may my Love reſtrain.
'Tis juſt, her ſcorns with ſcornings to requite,
And anſwer all her ſlightings with a ſlight.
And yet for all her ſcorns, I yet would Love,
Would ſhe as ſcornful unto others prove.
But to be triumph'd o'r is ſuch a thing,
That common Lovers ſcorn, much more a King.

Enter Larchant, Gabrich, Armida, Revol.

Gab. Whilſt you are juſtly fighting for your Crown,
Such mean acqueſts as *I*, you ſhould not own.
You ev'n ſhould bluſh; and then that bluſh ſhould be
Aſham'd it ſelf, that it did bluſh for me.

King. Let fortune, as ſhe pleaſe, diſpoſe of Crowns,
I'm more concern'd in Madam *Gabriels* frowns.

Madam, no time, no nor Reſolves can eaſe,
Or calm my thoughts, which rage like winter Seas.
Love's Pinnace in this Voyage needs muſt fail,
'Twill be o'rborn ſoon with too large a ſayl.
Hope ſometimes fills a thought, like a ſwell'd wave,
Which breaks, and ſoon is to its ſelf a Grave.

Gab. You have before with ſtorms of Love been toſt;
Yet both the danger, and the thoughts are loſt.

King. My former Love was like a kindly heat,
Which healthful Bodies do by Nature get;
And tho ſometimes unto a blaze it came,
Yet as Love fed, it alſo quencht the flame.
But this is wild-fire in my breaſt, *I* fear,
'Twill always burn, *I* feel it flaming here.
Yet this my greateſt torment needs muſt prove,
Navar ſhares deepeſt in your thoughts and Love.

Enter Navar, Pleſſis.

Nav. This is not fair! Kings ſhould ſuch arts decline.
I'l deal more plainly tho; this Lady's mine. [*Hands her.*

King. Is ſhe your Queen?

Nav. Nor is ſhe Queen to you.

King. But ſhe's my Subject, and ſo are you too.

Nav. Talk not of Subject, Sir; *I* am a King;
And that great Name does ſuch reſentments bring,
If I affronted be —

King. What will you do?

Nav. I'l ſtake the Lillies betwixt me and you.

King. You venture boldly.

Navar. Sir, *I* have a ſhare;
You thought ſo too, when you ſent for me here.

King. Upbraid me not, Sir, with your aid, be gone:
I ſcorn your help, and can be King alone.

Nav. Well, Sir, *I* go, but *I* will have mine own.
Who'l ſtop me? [*Hands his Sword.*

Larch. That muſt all. [*Steps in with his Guards.*

Pleſ. Pray, Sir, forbear; [*To* Navar.
Your life's in danger elſe, his Guards are here.

Gab. Dare not you me, Sir, with my ſelf intruſt?
You cannot ſure believe I'l be unjuſt. [*To* Navar.
O, Sir, if that you will not force forbear;
I'l end this Quarrel with my Dagger here. [*To the King.*

Nav. Sir, I have Guards too, and can ſhow you ſport:
You will not murder me too in your Court?

King. 'Tis in your choice. But, Sir, ſhe ſhall not go.
I'm King; and will not be control'd by you.

Nav. Take notice, Sir, I leave her to your truſt;
I can be friendly, if you can be juſt. [*Exit.* Navar, Pleſſis.

Rev. Think of the ruin that may fall to *France*,
If any diff'rence 'twixt you two ſhould chance.
Tho ſhe be ne'r ſo fair, ſhe cannot prove
Worthy your anger, tho ſhe may you love.

King. Experienc'd Judges only ſhould condemn;
And none but Lovers ſhould conſult this Theme.
Your Merits, Madam, you ſhould not confine; } *She offering*
Since Saints at their Adorers ne'r repine: } *to go.*
The greater number cellebrates the ſhrine.
Pleaſe then his ſervices and mine to prove,
And Crown his hopes who ſhows the greateſt Love.
[*Exit.* Gabriel *and* Armida.

Larchant, attend her to the Town with care;
Wait on her humbly, ſtrictly guard her there;
Mayn and the *League* leſs than *Navar* I fear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II. *A Covent of Jacobines.*

Enter Commolet, Burgoin.

Burg. THe *Sorbon* with grave Judgement and Advice,
Have by a *Pollick Art* aſſerted this;
Since *Valois* does with *Hereticks* agree,
Abets and ſides with 'em, all *Frenchmen* be
Fro'th' Oath of *Fealty and Allegiance* free.

Com. Are all hands crampt? and all Souls palſi'd to;
Paſt ſenſe of what we ſuffer? Surely no.
Can the dull *Dutchmen* make an *Orenge* bleed?

And

And th' fiery *French* tremble at such a deed?
In vain we from their Armies seek supply;
Rather than fail we will our *Covents* try.
Burg. One of my *Covent* (but yet taught by me
What glorious Crowns are their rewards, that free
Their Country and the Church from tyranny;)
A glorious Project did to me reveal,
Inspir'd (no doubt) with a fierce heavenly zeal.
Com. Have you confirm'd his thoughts?
Bur. His zeal's so bold
That all those Mountains, that go big with gold,
Could not his resolution now seduce.
Com. Yet for all that let's keep him to the use:
Young men, we know, their Passions fall and rise,
As th'object is presented to their Eys.
Those two *grand Scenes* of horrour and of bliss,
(Which help to mould the souls of *Novices*)
Let us present unto his wondring view.
Bur. They both are ready here and painted new.
Enter Jacob Clement.
Welcome my Son.
Clem. I wait here with intent
To beg your blessings and incouragement.
Bur. My Son! that blessing freely claim thy own,
Which Father *Isaac* gave his youngest son.
Thou shalt escape; trust son, to my presage;
And Prophesies 'tis known have blest my age.
Ha! son! what say'st thou to the glorious Fact?
Clem. But shall I merit Heaven by the Act?
Burg. Thou know'st a Doctrine I have often spoke,
How curious Pictures give a smarter stroak
Upon our fancies, then dull Doctrines can;
These touch the outward, those the inward man,
Behold, my Son, (what thou hast often heard)
An Antipast of joys and of reward.
Shows a Scene of Paradice.
Clem. Who would not hazards tempt and torture dare,
To merit but the least of glories there?

Com.

Com. What heav'nly flames his roſie Cheeks reveal?
Fluſht in the face with inward heat of zeal!
I ſee thou art reſolv'd! *I* plainly ſee't;
Thy Stature's taller, and thy Mein more great.
Thus when the Deities did Prieſts inſpire,
They both exalted Soul and Body high'r.
If thou this glorious attempt ſurvive,
(And Heav'n will ſure make its own bus'neſs thrive)
Abbots and Biſhops at thy feet muſt fall,
As is but due unto a *Cardinal.*
But if thou dy'ſt, no *Cherubim* can come
Near to that Throne, deſign'd for Martyrdome.
Roſes and Lawrels then muſt twiſt in one
T'adorn thy brow; both glories thou maiſt own
Of *Militant* and of *Triumphant Crown.*

Clem. O let me go, each tedious minute's ſtay
Robs me of glory, juſt in Heav'ns high-way!

Com. Thy ſoul is fervent now, my hopeful Son!
Red-hot with zeal, fit for impreſſion:
But if it cool, 'twill get a ſtubborn frame,
Not fit for any Furnace but Hells flame.

Clem. The terrour of thoſe flames cannot prevail,
Where all thoſe bright alluring glories fail.

Burg. *I*'l ſoon convince thee, and will now diſcloſe
Here to thy ſight a horrid *Scene* of Woes.

Scene of Hell.

Clem. Cold drops of ſweat condens'd by my ſad fears,
Like Iſicles, hang on my brows and hairs!

Com. O! *S*on imagine but a Bed of Fire;
The Curtains flames; the Bed-cords burning Wire;
If thou wert bound unto this Bed all day,
And Fiends with red-hot Pinchers pluck away
Thy nervous parts; yet to renew thy pain,
With boyling *S*ulphur, glew 'em on again;
Thou'lt ſay this is intollerable! But oh!
What horrour to Eternities of woe?

Clem. O, *S*ir, forbear! My ſoul away does faint!
Your ſad deſcription has out done the paint.

Rather

Rather then hazard an eternal pain,
I will my purpoſe in ſhort time obtain;
— Tho for a thonſand thouſand years
I live in torments and cannot be ſlain.

SCENE. III. *The Camp.*

King, Revol, Gueſle, Grillon, *an Officer bringing at another door* Chateauneuf *and* Bonneval.

Offic. Theſe Ladies, Sir, were flying to the Town.
King. It ſeems then, Madam, you the League will own.
Chat. The motion, Sir, to Nature did belong;
For all things are inclin'd to fly from wrong.
Beſide 'twas reaſon did my flight procure
For hopeful good, from Ills that were too ſure.
King. Where Nature, and where Reaſon is ſo known,
You ſhould the force of ſtronger workings own.
For what can Nature, what can Reaſon move
(*Gown'd-Councelours!*) againſt that *Tyrant Love*?
Who like *Uſurpers*, in their new-got throne,
Deſpiſe all other Laws, beſide their own.
Then *Chateneuf* thou merciful ſhouldſt be;
Your laſt Song proves too true a Prophecy,
And I love one, alas, who loves not me.
Chat. Without help pity, Sir, does little good;
Kind words to famiſht men are ſlender food.
It like repining looks, at Heavens decree;
For her juſt ſcorns have vindicated me.
And juſtice now has equal Paſſion mov'd;
You love where hated, and you hate where lov'd.

Enter an Officer.

1 *Offi.* To arms! to arms! the vigilence of *Mayn*
By our diſorders did advantage gain,
And has our late diſlerted trenches ta'n.

Enter another.

2 *Offic.* O Sir!
Gueſ. What is the news?

2 *Offic.*

2 *Offi.* O, Sir, *Navar.*
Has ſome intentions that may cauſe your fear.
King. 'Gainſt us he never will his Arms advance;
His veins hold too much of the blood of *France.*
Grillon! I leave this buſ'neſs to thy care;
Tho not in love, yet thou haſt skill in War.
Enter a third Officer.
3 *Offi.* The Camp they've enter'd, and our Guards now force:
All's in confuſion!
Gril. I'l to th' Guards of Horſe;
And at the head of them will ſwiftly fly,
Diſorder all their ranks, or bravely die. [*Exit* Grillon.
Enter another.
4 *Offi.* *Navar* has quit his *Poſt*, and now ſtands ſtill,
Drawn in *Battalia* on the neighb'ring Hill,
In view of all our *Camp.* His glittering Arms
That once aſſiſted us, now threaten harms.
So Clouds, that promis'd once a fruitful birth,
O'r heated, ſend down Lightning to the Earth.
Enter Larchant.
King. Larchant, what news?
Lar. O, Sir, we're all undone!
King. Where's *Gabriel*?
Lar. Alas, Sir, ſhe is gone!
King. Coward! Thy life to keep, and charge to loſe.
Lar. What could I do againſt a thouſand foes?
King. Had *Grillon* been but there, he'd routed all.
Lar. O, Sir! Brave *Grillon's* loſt, I ſaw him fall.
Rev. Have patience Sir. [*King much afflicted.*
King. O! 'Twould an Angel vex,
To looſe at once the gloryes of each Sex.
A charge. Souldiers flying, and cry Arm, arm, arm. Kings Guards beat, himſelf juſt overcome; Enter Navar *and interpoſes 'twixt the King and their Weapons, and beats 'em off. Then turns to th' King.*
Nav. Howe're you deal with me, Sir, you are free:
If ſtill you can, you may unmindful be. [*Purſues 'em.*
King. I in his gen'rous favour well might boaſt,

If

If *Grillon* and my *Gabriel* were not loſt.
Since two ſuch bleſſings are to me deny'd,
He had been kinder to have let me dy'd.
Grillon and *Gabriel* in one hour oppreſt,
Whoſe worth two ſeveral Ages might have bleſt.
Afflictions preſſe upon my ſoul too far;
I never can hope more from Love, or War.
The Court is broke — It has no more to boaſt.
Since all its beauty, all its Valour's loſt.
[*A ſhout within.*
What ſhouts are thoſe? what joys can now arrive.
Since they are dead?

Enter Grillon *bloody, leading* Gabriel.

Gril. Death! Sir, we're both alive.
Both of us in our gallantries appear,
I in the richeſt Skarlets Soldiers wear.
She in thoſe bluſhes far more brave than I.
Whoſe Skarlets are of a more laſting dye.
King. What miracle has brought you here again?
Whoe're it be that ſent you, tho *Du Mayn*;
I'l grant him any thing he can pretend,
And from this minute be his faithful friend.
Gab. We take you at you word, Sir.
King. Let us hear,
Who is this gen'rous *Heroe.*
Gril. 'Tis *Navar.*
Bury'd 'mongſt Enemys I had o'rcome,
(For of their Carkaſſes I'd made a Tomb)
He like an Angel did their Troops invade,
And cut his paſſage with a ſhining Blade.
Like Ghoſts the Enemy before him flyes,
And he made *Grillon* from the dead to riſe.
Gab. He fre'd me too; elſe I had not been here.
King. How! could *Navar* be your Deliverer,
And ſend you back to me?
Gab. He ſaid his truſt
Was firm in you, cauſe generous and juſt:
That your great ſoul would all its pow'rs unite,

To quit juſt ſcores and ſervices requite.
King. Brave man! thou art too great to be expreſt;
Thy ſoul's too mighty for a mortal breaſt.
None, none, but ſuch a *Hero* could beſtow
His Love on's *Rival*, and a life on's *Foe*.
He in one day ſo generous did prove,
Freely to give my Life, my Friend, my Love.
My boiſtrous Paſſions ought now to retreat,
And I, by his example, muſt be great.
Enter Navar *putting up his Sword, and* Pleſſis, *and Guards.*
Nav. Sir, here I come humbly to beg of you
T'accept thoſe ſervices which were your due,
And tho with that great honour they are grac'd,
They'l but attone for my offences paſt'd,
King. Sir, I was paſſionate as well as you.
Gril. Death, who can tell the faultieſt of the too?
Nav. Nature in all our ſouls ſows precious ſeeds.
Vertues are flowers, and Vices are the Weeds.
Gril. Your ſouls (thoſe curious Gardens) are not free;
But you your paſſions have, as well as we.
King. We were not men elſe: Sir, to let you know
That I can be as generous as you:
Of your three Preſents here I thus diſpoſe,
My life and *Grillon* I will only chuſe.
This third ſo rich a recompence will be, } *Points to* Gab.
That with one favour here, I pay for three. } *and gives her.*
Nav. This royal gift contains ſo vaſt a ſum,
It pays for all my ſervices to come.
King. Dear *Chateneuf*! thou formerly we'rt given
To acts of mercy; imitate then Heaven.
Forgiveneſs (without crimes) had never been;
As Sun-beams, after Clouds, more chearful ſeen.
My roving Heart, neglectful of its reſt,
Forſook the lovely Palace of your breaſt.
Then Idly for another rang'd about,
And found one there, but juſtly was ſhut out. [*Points at* Gab.
Th' afflicted Prodigal does home retire,
Stript from all vanities of looſe deſire,

Half-ſtarv'd it begs refreſhment at your fire.
Chat. 'Tis only *Pitty* now that can me move.
King. Let me gain *Pitty*, and I'l merit *Love.*
Nor can you doubt my Paſſion to be true;
Since I leave *Gabriel* and return to you.
Gril. In all my Love deſigns yet I am croſt. [*To* Bonneval.
Bon. I ſcorn a Gamſter that to all has loſt.
Gril. My Title's forfeit then to womankind!
Yet I a nobler Miſtreſs hope to find.
'Tis Madam, *Honour:* ſhe delights in War;
She is a *Miſtreſs* worth contending for.
This *Leaguer-Lady* (for in *Camps* ſhe's bred)
Does all the Beauties of the *Court* exceed.
She aſks no Riches, but thoſe gain'd in Wars;
Wounds, for her *Joynter*; for her *Jewels*, *Scars.*
Vict'ry and *Fame* ſhe does for *Portion* yield;
At laſt, her *Marriage* bed, ſome well fought *Field.*
And then to prove her *Virgin* vertue good,
Her *Mayden-head* is alwayes got in *Blood.*
Nav. Such a deſcription and ſo drawn to th' Life,
Plainly declares th' haſt gain'd her to thy Wife.
Now I've more hopes than e're I had before;
Since, *Grillon*, thou wilt rival me no more.
Gril. Not, Sir, in Love: troth, 'tis not worth the while;
Love's favours are but like an *April* ſmile,
Clouded each day, or wept away in ſhowers.
King. But, Sir, you better know to uſe your hours. [*To* Navar.
It is a maxime amongſt Lovers known,
All time is loſt, but when they are alone. [*Takes out* Chateauneuf.
[*Exeunt omnes præter* Navar *and* Gabriel.
Nav. 'Tis a great truth of which we make ſmall uſe.
Why ſhould we ſuch a precious treaſure loſe?
We are not yet alone.
Gab. Here's no one by.
Nav. Too many, Madam; ſince there's you and I.
Gab. I'l then withdraw and leave you here alone.
Nav. You'l leave but half of me, when you are gone.
Gab. I underſtand you not.

Nav. Ah! this does prove
You are unknowing in the rules of Love.
We talk, we look, we touch, yet ſtill are poor,
And 'midſt of ſuch enjoyments, long for more.
There is a thing (we know not) call'd delight,
Nor never ſhall, until our Souls unite.
Love is in Union plac'd: And whilſt we're two,
We Love not, we, alaſs, but only woo!

Gab. I know not then how Lover's ſouls can joyn,
Unleſs when mine is yours, and yours is mine.

Nav. How can we at this diſtance gain ſuch bliſſes,
Unleſs we breath 'em mutually in chaſt kiſſes?
Madam, when Heav'n does Soul and Body joyn,
O! that is Love! And that Love is divine.

Gab. But whilſt our ſouls alternately rejoyce,
And reſt contented in their purer choice?
Why ſhould our Bodies, with their ſenſu'l weight
Retard our Souls in their more active flight?

Nav. Madam, 'tis true; our glorious ſouls præſide
Our Bodies, and our greateſt actions guide:
No Love within the Body can begin
Without aſſiſtance from that God within.
Yet both muſt act whilſt they on Earth reſide;
Their faculties are vainly elſe imploy'd.

Gab. My Love (as laſting as my ſoul) receive;
For I no mortal thing to you would give.
You more oblig'd me than the World can do;
And by that rule I would be thankful too.

Nav. You in your nice diſtinctions cruel prove,
To keep the Body and beſtow your Love:
Like thoſe who rich Eſtates and Jewels give,
Yet will not yield poſſeſſion whilſt they live.

Gab. To the moſt precious gift *I* was inclin'd;
Becauſe 'till Death, Love cannot be reſin'd.

Nav. That credit Love has loſt, let us reſtore,
And by our Loves ſhow what it was before.
Love and the World together did begin,
—And did out-ſhine the Sun—
—Before it clouded was with ſin.

Such

Such pure, ſuch unmixt joyes our ſouls ſhall ſwell,
As Virgins gueſs and Saints can only tell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV. *The Preſence Chamber.*

Enter King, Revol, Grillon, Larchant, *Guards.*

Gril. WHat makes you ſad, Sir?
King. O! A dream laſt night;
Methought the Room was ſilver'd o'r with Light.
But ſuch a light as darted gentle beams;
As clear and cool as thoſe that glide o'r ſtreams.
The Roof ſeem'd open and ſo ſeem'd the ſky;
From whence a ſhining light did more than fly.
It hover'd o'r my Head; when ſoon there came
This *Apparition* through a door of flame.
The *Chariot* was leſs bright than his Attire;
His Lips were bloody, and his Eyes like fire.
He in his right hand held a flaming Blade;
Threatning me thus, he thundred out and ſaid
My name is Vengeance, and I muſt be paid.
Rev. To look for truth from Dreams is full as vain,
As to hope counſel from a crazy brain.
Sleep is the Stage, and Fancy makes the Play;
The thoughts at night; act what they conn'd by day.
A Dream's a Play, Sir, and a Play's a dream;
Both aëry Deſcents of an idle Theme.
King. What e're this Viſion may to thee appear,
I'm ſure it makes a Deep impreſſion here.
The threats of Vengeance moſt to thoſe belong,
Who uſe that pow'r Heav'n gave 'em to do wrong.
One *I* committed, which wounds deeply here; [*Points to's breaſt.*
I mean the bus'neſs of the *Maſſacre.*
'Twas in this *Room*, where we did it conclude,
I well remember in this place *I* ſtood;
I hate it ſince; methinks it ſmells of blood. [*Enter* Gueſile.
Gueſ. A youth, Sir, ſeiz'd by Guards, *I* now have brought,
But his chief bus'neſs, *I* have vainly ſought.
I took him for a ſpy, and all means try'd

To

To trap him, but he all things well apply'd.
He has *Inſtructions*, which he'l tell to none,
Unleſs unto your *Majeſty* alone.
King. Bring him in, *Larchant.* [*Exit.* Larchant.
Gueſ. Sir, he ſays, he's ſent
By divers Friends, and the firſt *Preſident.*
Who, if your *Majeſty* appoint a day,
Thorough a *Port* your *Forces* will convey.
Enter Larchant, Clement *preſſing to the King.*
Larch. Stay, Fellow, where you are, why do you thruſt?
Gueſ. Speak out; here's none, but whom the King will truſt.
Clem. Pardon me, Sir, my bus'neſs is more great,
Than either he, or you imagine yet.
King. Let him come near. [*He comes to th' King.*
Gril. I know not what, I doubt.
King. Now thy chief bus'neſs ſpeak; but ſpeak more out.
Clem. This is my bus'neſs, Sir. { *As the King leans to him, he ſtabs him.*
King. O! I am ſlain! { *Takes the Knife out of his wound, and ſtabs him.*
Take thy Knife, Villain, thus and, thus again.
Rev. Run for the Surgeons ſoon.
Gril. Damn'd Rogue! Take that. [*Runs him through, he falls.*
Gueſ. How, kill'd?
Rev. O! You have done you know not what.
We ne'r ſhall know th' *Abettors* of the *Plot.*
Clem. Your hands have ſeal'd the bargain now; and given
Me juſt poſſeſſion of my purchaſt Heaven. [*Dies.*
Gril. How feel you, Sir, your ſelf. Is the danger paſt?
Gueſ. Where are theſe Surgeons? They make little haſt.
King. I feel no pain, but hold it leaſt it bleed.
Rev. O more than helliſh, execrable deed! [*Exeunt.*
Confus'd running over the Stage, by Chirurgions, &c. *and Guards marching after* Grillon.
Enter Gueſſle, Pleſſis.
Gueſ. All will be well, I hope, if he get reſt;
The Surgeons ſay all danger then is paſt.
They have great hopes it is a ſlanting ſtroak.

Then

——Then his ſmall pain
Makes 'em to hope, his Bowels are not broke.
Pleſ. May Heav'n confirm it. Whilſt we here attend,
Methinks the time we cannot better ſpend,
Than to obſerve what I did lately hear.
Gueſ. What was't about?
Pleſ. About the *Maſſacre.* Viz.
King Charls and's *Mother* (for 'twas in their Reign)
The *Cardinal of Guiſe* and of *Lorrain*,
The *Duke of Anjou* (who is now our King)
Whom *Guiſe* into the *horrid Plot* did bring;
Thoſe ſix conſulted and pronounc'd the doom;
And, pray obſerve it, in this very Room.
Vengeance is terrible; but 'tis divine:
You know by whom 'tis ſaid, Vengeance is mine.
Firſt, *Charls* began, cut off in's very prime,
And by a judgement ſuited to the crime:
He dy'd in blood, who living ſhed ſuch ſtore;
And then was plung'd, nay drown'd in his own Gore.
The fire of Vengeance (which none can reſtrain)
Did melt the Glue that cimented each vain;
Thoſe little Channels quickly made their way
To th' Brooks, thoſe to the River, thoſe to th' Sea;
Which overflow'd like an impetuous Tide,
And did thro' th' ſluices of his Body glide.
Gueſ. Then follow'd next the old *Prieſt of Lorrain*,
Who Chriſtians had for Sacrifices ſlain.
Pleſ. His puniſhment was alſo in his blood;
Not by an overflowing of the flood;
But heated by ſome miſtick fire within,
It boil'd away i'th' Caldron of his ſkin.
Pale Ghoſts before his dying Eyes did ſwim,
They firſt accus'd and then diſtracted him.
He raging dy'd!——
His laſt breath like a ſtorm fro's breaſt did fly,
And met a greater tempeſt in the ſky.
Gueſ. Then for the *Duke and Cardinal of Guiſe*
We lately ſaw their bloody Tragedies.

Pleſ.

Plef. The old *Queen's* ſoul moſt ſervilly did wait,
Firſt on the *Guiſe's* crime, then on their fate.
And tho one puniſhment they could not have,
They had one guilt, and might have had one Grave.
Her ſhrivel'd veins, for ſuch crimes could not quit,
But in her childrens blood ſhe paid for it.

Gueſ. Ther's none alive now, but our wounded Prince,
Whom doubtleſs Heav'n has pardon'd long time ſince,
And who, I hope, has many years to live.

Pleſ. Yet future Ages will this judgement give —
'Twas juſt, that in the place, where once he ſtood
Condemning Innocents, he loſt his blood.

Gueſ. Great were the Judgements!

Pleſ. But more great the crime!
I think, he was in *Poland* at that time.

Gueſ. True, *Pleſſis*, and I waited on him there.

Pleſ. Strange, that no Ghoſts o'th' murder'd did appear,
And with loud ſhriekings ſtrike his tingling Ear!
O! 'Twas a diſmal night!

Gueſ. Which to declare
Will ſhorten th' time of our attendance here.

Pleſ. I need not aggravate the crime, nor tell
The murd'rous deſign, 'tis known too well.
Marg'ret of Valois marri'd to *Navar*;
That ſacred tye of Love they made their ſnare.
Thus *Marriage* is their *Sacrament!* they Sign
Their horrid *Plot*; and then (inſtead of Wine)
They quench their thirſt's with blood, like *Catiline*.
No State, no Sex, 'ſcap'd their unmanly rage;
They neither pitty'd Youth, nor rev'renc'd Age.
The *Croſs*, which Heav'n gave as a glorious ſign
Of Victory, to the great *Conſtantine*;
This *Enſign* firſt diſplay'd i'th' Starry-Field,
— To which —
The *Perſian Sun* and *Turkiſh Moon* did yield.
— Nay which —
The *Blood of God* himſelf did more than guild.
This ſacred *Badge's* function they invade,

The

The Croſs they upon ev'ry hat diſplaid,
Ten thouſand Souls were forc't that fatal night
From Bodies pale to take an untim'd flight.
Lovers in midſt of ſoft imbraces die;
Their Souls t'each other in their laſt breaths fly,
Then joyn i'th' vapours of a dying ſigh.
Babes nuzling on ſtab'd Mothers breaſts awake,
And guſhing blood, alas, for milk they take.
Thin Ghoſts (thoſe airy Chariots of our Souls)
Hover'd all o'r the Town in num'rous Shoals,
Attending Guides, that might their wayes prepare
Thorough the pathleſs Regions of the Air.
Now cryes of dying Perſons 'wake the Sun:
As *Indians* with loud clamours call the *Moon*.
Now horrid Scenes were offer'd to our Eyes;
The ground was pav'd with Carkaſſes; the Skies
Were hid with Clouds, which from ſpilt blood did riſe.

Gueſ. Loud is the cry of blood! 'tis louder far
Than peals of Thunder when they rend the Air.
Their dying groans eccho'd to *Poland* ſoon,
Where we with ſcorn and hate were look'd upon.
The very *Tartars*, who their Children fill
With blood of ſlaves, whom purpoſely they kill;
Whoſe Bodies are firſt kneaded up with blood,
Which is as much their ſubſtance as their food:
They ev'n did thoſe Murd'rers condemn
Of ſuch a crime, as ne'r was known to them.

Enter a Chyrurgion.

Chyr. The King inquires for you.
Gueſ. Are all things well?
Chyr. 'Till th'wound is open'd, Sir, we cannot tell.

SCENA ultima. *The Royal Bed-Chamber.*

The King on 's Couch Navar, *ſeated by him*, Grillon, Revol, Larchant, Gabriel, Chateauneuf, *and Chyrurgions.* Gueſſle, Pleſſis *at the other door.* *Attendants.*

King. Grieve not my Friends; I feel but little pain;

A ſign (they ſay) I may be well again.
Strange was my dream and th'event too ſoon!
Gril. But, Sir, the work of *Vengeance* is not done.
He hovers there, Sir, or if gone he be,
H' has his *Commiſſion* left, and Sword with me.
Nav. *Grillon*, thy vengeance ſhall have its deſire;
We'l purge that treach'rous Town with ſword and fire.
Gril. May I but kindle 't, tho i' th' midſt I fry,
Then like the *Phœnix*, I'le triumphant die.
King. My thanks, Sir, for your love and care I give;
And ſhall requite you, if I die or live.
Nav. More certain favours to your life I owe,
Than the World, nay than my hopes can e'r beſtow.
Talk not of dying, Sir; It nums the ſenſe,
And deads the very thoughts of recompence.
King. The *League* is not ſo tender, Sir, as you;
I wear their Mark, but my revenge is due, } *Shews ſenſe*
Both from my Honour, and my Juſtice too. } *of pain.*
Chyr. How are you, Sir?
King. The pains I now indure.
Denounce my Sentence; I am paſt your cure.
[*Chyrurgions view the wound, and look diſtractedly.*
Gril. What ſay'ſt thou Man?
Chyr. His Bowels, ah! are pierc'd!
King. My doom is paſt, and cannot be revers'd.
[*Here all this time the Chyrurgions are buſie.*
Gril. Thy tongue's as fatal as the Villains knife!
O! that with mine, I could redeem his life.
I ſoon would like the balſome tree be found,
Diſtilling drops of blood to cure his wound.
So both of us might add to honour's ſcore;
I finiſh mine and he might purchaſe more.
King. Ladies forbear! My wound has wept enough; } *Ladies*
My Soul, 'gainſt ſtabs, but not 'gainſt tears is proof. } *weep.*
Gab. If, Sir, my Tears could do you any good,
I'de ope the flood-gates, and the ſtreams let looſe;
Nay gladly weep my ſelf into a Flood.
The nat'ral Balſam Virgins do produce.

Chat.

Chat. Poor, hopeleſs Maid! I have receiv'd a wound
More deep, than that the Villain gave to you.
That you, when too unkind, I only found,
And now muſt loſe you when both kind and true.
King. May you more happy in all fortunes prove,
And for your kind grief now, gain joyes in Love.
My End haſtes on, my laſt breath does declare
(And you all know't) my brother of *Navar*
Is next in blood, and my immediate *Heir*.
Forgive my Enemies for Heav'n will be
So juſt both to avenge it ſelf and me.
And for *Religion* I onely pray——
Heav'n would direct you in the ſafeſt way.
To turn you, Sir, to mine is vain to try;
Since, oh! this wound ſpeaks louder far than I.
Nav. Grief has diſtracted me and ty'd my tongue;
And rob'd me of all ſenſe, but of your wrong.
King. My ſoul from ev'ry faculty now flies,
And hovers at the Windows of my Eyes:
'Twill take it's flight juſt at my next fetcht groan.
My deareſt friends, farewel! Oh! [*Groans and dies.*
Rev. Now, 'tis flown!
Chat. Heav'n was my choice before; and now ſhall be!
Farewel all Loves, dear ſoul, unleſs for thee [*Weeps.*
Nav. In death it was his duty to forgive,
As to do juſtice is our parts that live.
Let us indeavour then with all our might,
Both to revenge his wrong, and gain my right.
I am your King; and will point out the way
To Honour, and oblige you to obey.
Pleſ. Let's now to *Rheims*, Sir, make a quick advance,
And with that *ſacred Oyl*, anoint your Head,
Which was by Heav'n ſent purpoſely to *France*.
To raiſe a new King, when the old on's dead.
Rev. The King's laſt Will, Sir, makes your Title good.
You are his *Heir by Will*, as well as *Blood*
Gril. I'l Love and ſerve you for no other thing.
But that you're very valiant and my King.

Nav. I thank you all. You all ſhall largely ſhare
Both in my Royal favours and my care.
Madam, you knew ſo much of me before [*To* Gabriel.
It is a needleſs thing, now to ſay more.
Only ſome diff'rence by this change is grown,
I can preſent you with a double Crown.
[*Then turns to the Men.*
Love ſhall not die, tho for a time it ceaſe;
We'l firſt try War, then the delights of Peace.
[*The Curtain falls.*

FINIS.

THE

EPILOGUE.

Intended to be ſpoken by a Woman.

'Tis very hard, whilſt Fortune *was our Foe,*
You ſhould diſſert us for her being ſo.
We were your Fav'rites; *and none before*
Loſt that preferment, by their own being poor.
Small cauſe, that you ſhould with that Whore *conſpire,*
To ſend us Famine, *'cauſe ſhe ſent us* Fire.
The Scenes, *compos'd of Oyl and porous Firr,*
Added to th' ruine of the Theater.
And 'twas a judgement in the Poets Phraſe,
That Plays and Play-houſe *periſht by a blaze*
Caus'd by thoſe gaudy Scenes, *that ſpoil* good Plays.
But why for this ſhould we forſaken be?
It was our Houſe, alas, was burnt; *not we.*
And yet from hence might ſome ſuſpition come,
Since it firſt kindled in our loweſt Room;
The Fire *did ſeize on all both* Brick and Wood;
But we more lucky were in Fleſh and Blood.
If we be poor, what then! We're honeſt tho;
And that's the thing, we fear, that loſes you.
'Tis not our faults, if our Eſtates be low,
But 'twill be yours, if we continue ſo.
—Faith, let us both amend——

If

EPILOGUE.

If you Gallants and Ladies sometimes range
Fro'th' other House, *it will not seem so strange;*
You know the brisk delightfulness of Change.
Sure you and they are cloy'd e'r this. One House
Must needs be dull and tiresome, as one Spouse.
By long cohabiting and Dowry *too,*
They'l claim a Title and a right in you.
Nay worse, with Age they heighten still their sense,
Exacting more then due benevolence.
In extream need, such usage to pursue,
Is damn'd extortion and ill Manners too;
For by this trick you may be half undone,
If now, when all the Misses are from Town,
Each Subburb Sinner should exact a Crown.

FINIS.